THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

ON Monday next M. Doumergue, the President of the French Republic, will arrive in London on an official visit. He could scarcely have chosen a more fortunate moment. The political effect of these official visits is always considerable, and in the last six months there have been many misunderstandings between Great Britain and France, which may disappear as one result of M. Doumergue's stay in London. Ever since the Armistice the French have felt that the British were too lenient towards the Germans, and as the aim of British policy must be the rapid restoration of peaceful conditions in Europe, whereas the French are, quite naturally, obsessed by the fear of Germany's recovery, there can be little hope of complete agreement on this question. But of late grave anxiety has been caused in Paris by Sir Austen Chamberlain's championing of the Italian cause, even to the detriment of European tranquillity. In welcoming President Doumergue we trust that he will be able to satisfy himself and his countrymen that there exists no secret and dangerous understanding between this country and Italy.

The preparations for the big *stahlhelm* demonstration in Berlin on Sunday last have given Frenchmen very powerful arguments against an evacuation of the Rhineland or a reduction in the number of troops there. Logically, then, the failure of this demonstration should convince the French that German militarism is quite definitely on the wane. Many of the special trains that had been ordered to bring the demonstrators to Berlin had to be cancelled at the last moment because there was nobody to travel in them. Very few people took the trouble to line up in the streets as the young militarists marched by, and it is significant that President Hindenburg and all the members of the German Government found that they had accepted week-end invitations to the country and could not be present at the demonstration. Even the Berlin Municipality refused the invitation to attend. There has been no more convincing proof that Germany wants peace for a long time.

The United States' reception of the British note dealing with Mr. Mellon's assertion that this country was receiving more from Germany and the ex-Allied Powers than it paid

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out to the United States was decidedly offensive. Mr. Churchill was told in so many words not to interfere in the domestic affairs of another Power. This rebuff must be excused on party grounds, for the Republicans dare not weaken on the question of war debts, and it is satisfactory to note that, despite this lack of courtesy shown by Washington, Mr. Churchill's note has succeeded in its object elsewhere. Mr. Mellon's original assertion had been widely quoted against us all over the Continent; Mr. Churchill's refutation has been given equally wide publicity, and the general verdict of the foreign Press seems to be that the British have been rather badly treated. This verdict is possibly due less to the convincing figures Mr. Churchill was able to quote than to the inevitable unpopularity of the United States as the world's creditors; but for that we are not to blame.

The first Colonial Office Conference, which began its work on Tuesday last, is in many ways quite as important as the more imposing Imperial Conference which met last year, for it is upon the development of the colonies, protectorates and mandated territories that the world judges the British Empire. As Mr. Amery pointed out in his opening speech, he deals at the Colonial Office with some thirty-six different Governments, "each entirely separate from the rest, each administratively, financially, legislatively self-contained," and while he put up quite a good defence for this entire lack of co-ordination, we ourselves have little patience with the argument that the British Empire has always "muddled through somehow." Our import and export figures show only too plainly that the day of those happy-go-lucky methods is over. In many colonies and protectorates development is slow and conditions of living are bad simply because the local government has not the means of carrying out scientific research and organization on a large scale. It is to be hoped that the present conference will lead to much closer co-operation, and not only in matters of public health and scientific research.

The conference that was to have produced an amicable agreement on the subject of a national flag for South Africa has broken up with nothing agreed and much irritation aroused. The situation is not clear, but at the moment of writing it looks as if, after a bitter controversy, and the rejection of the Flag Bill by the Senate, South Africa would find itself engaged in a referendum on the Bill about the end of the autumn. It is not for people in this country to intervene violently in a matter which is deeply agitating South Africa; but we venture to suggest that General Hertzog is not unreasonable in proposing that the Royal Standard should be included in the South African flag instead of the Union Jack. The proposal may sound odd, even ugly; but, after all, the implications of the Union Jack do not apply to a Dominion with a supreme Parliament of its own, and the Crown is the one link between the Dominions and Great Britain. It is obviously of the first importance that South Africa should be spared the development of fierce race feeling which will follow on failure to reach some compromise, and General Hertzog's proposal appears to be the most sensible that could be made.

It is a fortunate thing for Great Britain that Sir Austen Chamberlain is an obstinate man. Although it was quite clear that if the British Government took further action against the little group of extremists in Hankow it would do so with the support of no other country except Italy, the pressure brought to bear upon the Foreign Secretary by British merchants in China and, still more, by certain of his colleagues in the Cabinet, must have been very difficult indeed to resist. There is a ridiculous tendency to suggest that the Foreign Office has failed because it authorized negotiations with Mr. Chen, who, by the time these lines appear in print, may be fleeing for his life. Mr. Chen has come to grief because, as a direct result of these negotiations, anti-British feeling has died down and more moderate leaders have come to the fore. General Chiang Kai-shek is not likely to be the saviour of China, but he is greatly to be preferred to men like Borodin, and, without the Hankow negotiations, Borodin would now be all-powerful in China.

No surprise will be excited by the report that Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., is negotiating with the German chemical combine. It was with the object of such negotiation that Imperial Chemical Industries was formed, the constituent British concerns being individually not strong enough to meet the German combine on terms of equality. One of those concerns, the British Dyestuffs Corporation, actually entered into agreement with the German dyestuff makers, and when the compact was vetoed by Mr. Sidney Webb, as Labour President of the Board of Trade, the Corporation bought out the Government so as to secure freedom of action. With these facts in mind, the present discussions of an Anglo-German working arrangement will be felt to be the natural outcome of a policy adopted some time ago. The scheme now proposed is said to be wider than that which was condemned as hostile to British national interests; but, presumably, the basis remains German technical assistance in return for market advantages conceded by the British combine.

We hope that the scheme for co-operation between the L.C.C. trams and London's buses will encounter no fatal difficulties. Pooled revenue and co-ordinated services on the streets would diminish the troubles which at present afflict the travelling Londoner. A good deal of the traffic congestion must remain until streets are replanned, but undoubtedly some of it is due to competition for passengers and could be removed by co-operation. The tram, however, is a thing that should never have come into existence, and in so far as the scheme prolongs its life there is cause for regret. But except for that the scheme seems admirable, promising alike greater free-

dom of movement in the streets and relief to the funds out of which the L.C.C. has to meet a deficit of £300,000 a year on the working of its trams.

Motorists will welcome the proposals made by the Automobile Association for providing guiding lights on main roads at night. There has never been a really satisfactory solution of the headlight problem, motorists having to choose, when passing one another at night, between the risk of dimming their lights and the risk of collision through the glare. The long stretches of unlit road between one town and another make powerful headlights imperative. Now the Automobile Association has inaugurated a system whereby lamps are to be erected on posts at points of danger—abutments of bridges, corners, cross-roads and so on—which should make possible a considerable reduction in the strength of motor headlights. The time will almost certainly come when cars will dispense with lights altogether, the roads being "flood-lighted" instead. By this means motoring at night will become precisely the same as motoring by day.

As we write there is still no news of Capt. Nungesser and Capt. Coli, the two French airmen who set out early on Monday morning in their "White Bird" aeroplane to fly from Paris to New York. There now remains only a remote chance of their being found alive, though to encourage hope there are the precedents of Hawker in the Atlantic, in 1919, and the American world-flyer who was missing for a week in the wilds of Alaska, both of whom "came to life" when hope had been almost abandoned. Captain St. Roman, the Frenchman who was attempting to fly the Southern Atlantic from Senegal to Pernambuco, is also missing, and is now unlikely to be found alive. The hazards of such attempts are out of all proportion to the benefits which, if they succeed, they can bestow on the progress of aviation; indeed, from the practical point of view their value is non-existent. It would be foolish to criticize the spirit of adventure which prompts these endeavours, but it is sad that they should be made the occasion for political rivalry of a kind that may do serious harm to international relationships.

We have received from the Empire Marketing Board a number of small reprints of their posters by well-known artists which at the present time are decorating hoardings in London and the provinces. These reprints are intended for use in schools and we can imagine few better uses for the walls of such institutions than to be embellished with pictures which are at once artistic and instructive. A series of pamphlets to accompany each picture has also been prepared, written entertainingly by such authors as Ian Colvin, Ivor Brown, Robert Lynd, David Bone, etc., and exceptionally well set up and printed. The whole conception is an excellent one, excellently carried out, and we are not surprised to learn that it has already commended itself to educational authorities in all parts of the country.

The Bolshevists could not be expected to refrain from using the platform of the International Economic Conference in Geneva for propaganda purposes. Their pictures of the celestial joys of life in Russia are unconvincing, and their suggestions for the solution of the world's economic difficulties are much too drastic to be practicable and, therefore, useful. But individually the representatives from Moscow are behaving in a manner which contrasts very favourably with their behaviour at the Genoa Conference, and it will be difficult in future for them to cut themselves off entirely from the rest of Europe. Concession hunters of every nationality are crowding Geneva's hotels, and not all of them will go home disappointed. But the most promising feature of all is the readiness with which the Russians discuss the question of debts, and we should not be surprised if, within two or three months, a Franco-Russian debt settlement had been reached and negotiations for a similar settlement with Great Britain had begun.

Soviet Russia is evidently emulating the United States. From Moscow comes the announcement of a post-graduate course for shepherds. Botany, biology and veterinary science are among the subjects that prospective shepherds will have to master before they can be allowed to look after their flocks. Russia to-day may contain more academic aspirants to pastoral life or more bucolic enthusiasts for learning than we suppose, but on the face of things it looks as if the Soviet sheep will look up and not be fed. Whether the movement is to extend to women is uncertain; but a Girton for Bo-Peeps would seem to be a logical part of any such educational project. Some sympathetic comment on the scheme may be expected from the descendants of those northern British farmers who applied eagerly for copies of Ruskin's notes on the construction of ecclesiastical sheepfolds.

Sir Sidney Colvin touched many subjects, and always to good purpose. As Slade Professor at Cambridge, Director of the Fitzwilliam, Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and for many years a contributor of art criticism to periodicals, he had his influence; yet perhaps it is by his literary criticism and literary friendships that he will best be remembered. The Keats, in its eventual form, whatever may be urged against its details, is a book both solid and inspiring. The little volume of selections from Landor, though it amazingly omitted that pearl of pearls, 'Dirce,' remains the greatest service yet rendered to that noble and neglected master. The Edinburgh edition of R.L.S. is the memorial of a noble friendship, for which we may forgive even those 'Vailima Letters' in which Stevenson "extended the sphere of the artificial" while thinking he was living the natural life. Sir Sidney Colvin was of those who in age do not look merely backwards. He had sympathy with many of the younger generation of writers, even at times to the extravagance with which he urged the claims of Stephen Phillips.

MR. MACDONALD'S SUCCESSOR

IT is ungracious, but only to be expected from the absence of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the present crisis in Labour politics, that tongues should be wagging in speculation about his probable successor. Such speculation, which is particularly active among members of the Labour Party, is not necessarily a sign of disloyalty to the present leader, still less does it imply any lack of sympathy with him in his illness. Obviously, only serious illness would have kept Mr. MacDonald away from England at this time; but it is one of the penalties of high places that even a headache or a cold in the head is enough to make speculation busy over the choice of a successor. And particularly must that be so with a Party which is a loose association of widely divergent opinions and interests without real unity. In other parties speculation is personal, and is a canvassing of qualities rather than of opinions; but with the Labour Party the choice of one man rather than another may foreshadow the approaching triumph of one or another of the contending schools of opinion.

Mr. MacDonald is in many ways the ideal head of a Coalition such as the Labour Party really is. His Socialism is of the intellectual and Fabian variety; in foreign affairs, in which his main interests lie, he is conservative by instinct, and believes in tradition and continuity. In his opposition to the late war not the least important motive was his instinctive dislike of snapping the old Victorian tradition of friendship with Germany. He is very definitely the most conservative of all the Socialist intellectuals, and it is not his opinions but his temperament and his race that have made him a Coalitionist leader. He has the Celt's instinct to dwell on his points of agreement with his company rather than of disagreement. Moreover, as an intellectual he is conscious of the immense numerical inferiority of his school in the Party, as compared with the trade unionists. These two facts have made him perforce a typical Coalitionist, the most accomplished of all the tight-rope walkers in politics. But his own Party is rising in revolt against these balancing feats, and when the I.L.P. deserts him a non-trade unionist has but a poor chance of maintaining his supremacy. Mr. MacDonald's hold on his party is very precarious.

The Labour Party is less a single party than a composite reflection of the other three. Mr. J. H. Thomas is the typical conservative trade unionist. He is not known definitely to be even a Socialist, and has probably less right to that name than several members of the Conservative Party. He is an Imperialist, and a very little would make him a protectionist. He has the right-wing leanings of Mr. MacDonald, but whereas Mr. MacDonald inclines to the landed and aristocratic tradition, Mr. Thomas's inclination is to the new plutocracy. He is by nature a trimmer, and whereas Mr. MacDonald talks both ways but never thinks more than one way, Mr. Thomas is quite capable of talking, acting and thinking several ways at once.

If the ideal successor of Mr. MacDonald were one who would keep the cover of external unity over internal dissensions, Mr. Thomas would be such a man. Of his subtlety, cleverness and general instinct for doing the right thing there is no doubt. But there are objections to him. He is distrusted as Mr. Lloyd George is distrusted, and for much the same reasons. Moreover—and in a future Prime Minister this is a serious objection—he does not talk the King's English. He speaks in a wholly artificial dialect, which he seems to have cultivated for democratic purposes, and he now seems incapable of getting away from it. It is no handicap to his ability or to his good faith; but it is a serious objection to the representative of this country before the world. For these and other reasons Mr. Thomas is not likely to be the successor.

A very different type of leader is Mr. Snowden. He is a natural Radical, and between him and Mr. MacDonald there are both political and personal antipathies. It is in his favour that he is the most accomplished debater on the Labour benches. The Party, conscious of its inferiority in debate, is deeply grateful to any one of its members who can meet the other side on its own ground, and in its own dialectical idiom, and win. He has in addition, dignity, some humour and knowledge of men, and more geniality than he allows publicly to appear. Had an election for a successor to Mr. MacDonald taken place last Thursday after Mr. Snowden's speech on the Trade Unions Bill—incomparably the ablest speech yet made from that side of the House during these debates—Mr. Snowden would have been elected almost without opposition, so deep was the Party gratitude to him for a brilliant if unnecessarily truculent showing. But though Mr. Snowden's Socialism is above suspicion, his strong sympathies with Liberalism make him many enemies within the Party. Undoubtedly if he were leader the Labour Party would drift into a working alliance with the Liberals, and in effect the policy of the Party would become Radical Socialist. That might be no bad thing, but it is not a solution of present troubles that commends itself to the majority of the Party, except under the compulsion of necessity, and it may be fatal to the chances of Mr. Snowden's succession to the leadership. It is a pity, for Mr. Snowden is not only one of the ablest, but also one of the straightest men in politics.

But if we reject both Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas the choice becomes very difficult. If Mr. Oswald Mosley were twenty years older he might have a chance, for he has some of the qualifications of a leader, and Labour is sufficiently class-conscious to prefer someone not of its own class as leader if it be convinced of his sincerity. But Mr. Mosley's conversion is too recent, his sincerity not sufficiently above suspicion, and his experience very short. There is certainly no chance for the other recruits to Labour from the other parties. They are dry and uninspiring men like Mr. Trevelyan, or Mr. Dalton, or pedantic and lacking in youth or vigour. The back benches hold two men of note, Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Maxton. The second is a man of real intellectual distinction, much liked in the House and in his Party, but his

proper position in a united Labour Party returned to power would be at the Ministry of Education, or, if the extremists broke away, he would become sooner or later their natural leader. Mr. Wheatley, who at one time seemed to be the likeliest successor to Mr. MacDonald, has spoilt his chances by too obvious ambition and too open contempt for the present leaders. He has lost influence since he deserted the front for the back benches, and his performances in debate have always been curiously uneven, alternating real brilliance in debate with unmistakeable balderdash. The appointment of Mr. Wheatley as successor would be an initial success for extremist counsels, and later a disappointment of their hopes, and both facts are realized clearly enough to make it very unlikely.

In all parties, but especially in one organized like the Labour Party on the basis of distrust for the leadership of the individual, the tendency is for the leader to be selected less for his positive recommendations than for the absence of positive objections to him. Mr. Clynes has a great potential body of support on that ground, but his lack of vigour is a little too obvious to make his election likely. Mr. Arthur Henderson is rather the type of man who might be elected as a compromise candidate. He is still active and vigorous in mind and body; he has had long acquaintance with politics; he is a trade unionist, but has had other experience; his speeches, though shallow and commonplace in matter, are stout and downright; he is a moderate but has never involved himself in quarrels with the extremists, who neither admire nor hate him. He is the type of man who might succeed Mr. Macdonald through the absence of positive objectors. Such an appointment would be a misfortune to the Labour Party. It would prolong its ambiguities and insincerities; it would be fatal to its independence of thought; but for all that it is possible. For those who are anxious for clearness and sincerity of political thinking, Mr. Snowden would be the best choice. But many prefer mechanical unity, blurred issues, evasion of clear-cut alternatives, and their influence might bring a pleasing if commonplace man like Mr. Henderson to the leadership.

THE BETTING TAX

WHEN Mr. Churchill introduced the tax on betting last April there was a general expectation that the form in which he then cast it was only temporary, a half-way house to a more comprehensive measure in some future Budget. The tax as it stands is unjust. What is more, it is hypocritical. Whether or not it is proper for the State to recognize gambling is no longer a relevant issue. By imposing a tax on certain kinds of betting it has done so, and there is no more to be said on that score. But by what process of logic or morality it is considered proper to collect revenue for the State from the betting transactions of one class of layer by taxing his stakes, and from those of another class by prosecuting and fining him for illegal practices, it passes the power of reasonable people to imagine. As it stands, the law relating to betting is this. A tax of 2 per cent. on the amount staked is levied on all bets made "on the course," and a tax of 3½ on all those otherwise made with a bookmaker. (For course betting, only bets made on horses are liable to taxation. A motor race is not a race within the meaning of the Act). The bookmaker is officially recognized by the imposition of an annual licence of £10 enabling him to carry on his business and a further duty of £10 annually in respect of each of his business premises. But Section 15 (2) of the Act runs as follows:

> Nothing in this part of this Act shall operate so as to render lawful any betting in any manner or place in which it is at the commencement of the Act unlawful, or so as to authorize the writing, printing, publication or sending of any notice, circular or advertisement which is at that time unlawful.

This means, of course, that what is known as "street betting" remains illegal and those who participate in it remain liable to prosecution. So that the State condones betting transacted on a race-course or in an office (and indeed welcomes it, for the more business that is done in this way the larger is the revenue the State derives thereform) and frowns on betting done "in the street." By so doing it has taken up an untenable position. Either it must recognize all betting or it must condemn all betting, and employ the force of the law to bring all classes of offenders to justice. It cannot reasonably say to one person "you can make a bet because you happen to know a bookmaker who has an office and a telephone," and to another "you may not make a bet because your bookmaker frequent cafés, street corners, or public-houses." That is to introduce the *maison tolerée* to betting.

There would be little practical justification in the complaint of a working man that here is an instance of one law for the rich and another for the poor, because street betting flourishes in defiance of authority to-day precisely as it did before the betting tax was imposed; but none the less this is just the kind of distinction that does, justifiably or not, stir up resentment and class feeling among the great mass of men who do their betting "in the street." The system is about as sensible as would be one that collected a tax on intoxicants obtained in restaurants painted blue, and prosecuted vendors and purchasers of intoxicants in restaurants painted any other colour. It is unsound to argue that the law in relation to betting is no different from that in relation, say, to the sale of tobacco or of any other commodity for which a licence is required. True, in both instances the holder of the licence is recognized and anyone attempting to sell without a licence is prosecuted: the difference is that the law does not distinguish between one class of smoker and another as it does at present between one class of backer and another.

The State makes itself a laughing stock, besides denying itself revenue, by its hypocritical attitude. "It is wrong to bet," says the State; "particularly it is wrong for the working man to bet. Let us, then, continue our attempts to prevent the working man from betting, and as for others, let us make what profit we can out of their sins." The way out of a ridiculous situation is to legalize all betting by making

it all subject to taxation. The moment for doing this would be also an excellent one for introducing the Totalisator. The system has obvious advantages. It makes it easy and uncostly to collect the tax, it is simple for the backer, it provides undoubted benefits for the breeder, in whose invaluable cause, we are always told, racing is really carried on. Of course there are objections to the use of the totalisator in this country, chief of which is the large number of race-courses where racing is held only once or twice a year and where the expense of maintaining a totalisator would consequently be unduly heavy. It has been stated that this objection could be overcome by the employment of small, transportable totalisators, which could travel from meeting to meeting. The other main objection is the havoc it might work in the bookmaking industry. There seems no reason why licensed bookmakers should not remain side by side with the totalisator. No doubt, with whatever energy they encouraged their clients some of their custom would be diverted to the undemonstrative machine, but not enough to put them out of business. Of the making of books there is likely to be no end. In any event, sad as their loss would be, it cannot seriously be advanced that the decline of the bookmakers would come as a death blow to the country.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

IT is seldom that the last act of a comedy is the best, but the last day of the four days' debate on the second reading of the Trade Disputes Bill certainly provided better entertainment than any of the others. When Mr. Snowden opened his speech by remarking that he was by nature indisposed to provocative language and to strong invective, that he had a natural tolerance for his political opponents, but that even he would have to exercise considerable restraint in dealing with the Bill under discussion, then the appetite of Members was whetted for something better than the usual fare; and they were not disappointed. The enjoyment of what followed was increased for many by the fact that upon this occasion Mr. Snowden signalled out, rather unexpectedly, as the chief objective of his attack the Right Honourable and learned Member for Spen Valley. Sir John Simon is not popular. The political fairies who came to his christening bestowed upon him as their gifts the power to argue, to move, and even to convince, but not to charm. Labour Members who are not to conviction are swift to detect and to resent the usually interested in argument and are never open absence of charm, and it is not only owing to the valuable service he performed at the time of the general strike that Sir John Simon is one of the best hated of their political opponents.

* * *

The attack which Mr. Snowden suddenly launched upon him was an unfair one. Sir John had pointed out that if in the future the Labour Party were to fulfil their pledge to repeal this Bill line by line they would find themselves in the awkward position of introducing legislation to permit intimidation and to legalize the general strike. Mr. Snowden twisted this perfectly fair argument into a statement that it was the Labour Party's intention to do these things, an intention which he proceeded to repudiate, misrepresenting everything Sir John had said, and at the same time indignantly charging him with gross misrepresentation. The wonder was, not that the House enjoyed, but that Sir John should have so bitterly resented, what was after all only a brilliant rhetorical *tour de force*. His reaction to this verbal castigation was as obvious and as instantaneous as that of a puppy to the whip. He flushed, he fidgetted, he leapt to his feet to make corrections which only gave Mr. Snowden the opportunity for further misrepresentation, and finally he started whispering protestations to Mr. Lloyd George, who was sitting beside him and who seemed to be enjoying the fun as much as anybody.

* * *

If he hoped that Mr. Lloyd George would vindicate him he was soon disappointed. Mr. Lloyd George followed Mr. Snowden, but referred only with a good natured shrug to the unfairness of the attack which had just been levelled at his doubtful lieutenant. Mr. Lloyd George was happy to find himself for once in agreement with Lord Grey. He may, indeed, feel confident—so various are the views expressed by Liberal leaders—that he can at no time be out of agreement with the whole of his party. He devoted the greater portion of his speech to proving that the Bill was ill-timed and ill-drafted—a comparatively easy task since the arguments against doing any particular thing at any particular time are always powerful, and the dexterity of a lawyer is never at a loss to pick holes in the phraseology of any clause of any statute.

* * *

After this extremely adroit performance the House was refreshed by a speech from Mr. Jephcott, a hoary-headed Trade Unionist with Conservative convictions and nearly half a century's experience of the Trade Union movement. This speech did perhaps more even than that of Mr. Spencer to strengthen the opinions of those who support the Bill. As he recounted the wrongs that he himself had suffered and the ruin that the Trade Union movement had incurred at the hands of the politicans within its ranks he reduced even the clamours of the Opposition to shame-faced silence.

* * *

Mr. Wheatley was as fortunate as Commander Hilton Young was unfortunate in speaking during the dinner hour to empty benches. Mr. Wheatley's speech could only have confirmed the low opinion that his opponents hold of his taste and of his intellect, while it could hardly have gained him any new adherents in his own party. Commander Hilton Young's speech, on the other hand, was as admirable in phrasing as it was faultless in logic, and deserved a larger audience than anyone can expect to get at a quarter to eight. Mr. Thomas wound up for the Opposition. He produced a strong case, but it was not in reality a case against the Bill. The attitude of Mr. Thomas in effect is this: The moderate element in the Trade Union and the Labour movement have a hard time of it. This Bill will make their position harder by giving ammunition to their opponents. The answer to Mr. Thomas is that the country cannot rely upon the strength of that moderate element to protect the community from the extremists. When

the test came a year ago the moderates failed. They were swept under and carried away in the wake of the extremists, and it was not until the extremists had been beaten that the moderates reappeared upon the surface to assist in the making of peace.

* * *

Mr. Inskip concluded the debate in a fine fighting speech, which by its simplicity, its sincerity and its courage succeeded in securing a hearing. He said harder things than any of the other spokesmen from the Government benches, and yet he was listened to in greater silence. He allowed Conservatives to go home to bed happy in the conviction that, despite the size of the majority, their victory was not one of numbers only.

FIRST CITIZEN

AMERICA AND FRANCE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

FEW people were more in the limelight during the years 1917-1920—when the presence of the Big Four narrowed this spot to a mere dot—than M. André Tardieu, for he was constantly at Clemenceau's elbow. Since then he has not often been mentioned. After 1920 Clemenceau was only a great memory; in 1924 M. Tardieu was not returned to the Chamber, and, although he was missed by all parties, he ceased to be referred to; finally, in 1926—when he got returned by Belfort at a by-election—he almost immediately became a member of the Poincaré cabinet and a strange thing happened: people realized that no other minister, except M. Poincaré, was as effective, but immersed in his work as he was, he scarcely opened his lips in the Chamber and a zone of quiet esteem now seems to protect him alike from popularity and from criticism. Consequently there was some surprise when, about a fortnight ago, Emile Paul announced a book by M. Tardieu, 'Devant l'Obstacle,' on Franco-American relations.

At first sight the book is a disappointment, for it was finished in July, 1926, and its publication was deferred to give international translators a chance. On the other hand, a glance at the contents leads one to suspect that here is a mere reprint of articles probably written during the author's holiday from political life. The vital chapters are, the first, on the historic differences between America and France: the fifth, on the present disagreements between the two countries; and the sixth and last on future possibilities. The other three chapters, largely devoted to Franco-American collaboration, are mere illustrations of the general ideas set forth in the volume.

When one begins to read the book, especially the important parts I have just mentioned, one soon ceases to regard it as a mere reprint because the author himself is so interesting. One is promptly aware, in fact, that M. Tardieu has been, is, and wants more and more to be a man of action. He was that in 1917 and 1918, as High Commissioner in America, and we can see through his own pages that he was that so successfully, in the very home of activity, that he never can forget the elation of it. Only one other Frenchman could write in the same tone, viz., M. Poincaré, but M. Poincaré always gives one a sense of joyless power and of duty easily and punctually discharged, not of pleasure in doing so. Obviously the successor of the present Premier should be his Minister of Public Works if M. Poincaré had not accomplished the *tour de force* of remaining a Radical while carrying on the most conservative policy, whereas, rightly or wrongly, M. Tardieu is still regarded as the leader of the Bloc National. Anyhow, he appears in 'Devant l'Obstacle' as a man who accomplished difficult tasks and is willing and ready to use his training and experience in accomplishing more during many years to come. M. Tardieu was wasted by the Bloc National, but his country cannot afford to waste him.

As one reads on and realizes this, one is constantly aware of something else. This man, who directed American energies during the war as no one else did, is also a scholar . Without any apparent attention to style he frequently gives, in a casual sentence, Bryce-like foreshortenings in which one reads vast erudition of the truly scholarly kind along with political experience. One then remembers, no matter if it is already with a little effort, that M. Tardieu was a pupil of the Ecole Normale as well as of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, and was compelled by his training to seek the origins of American characteristics in American history at a time when he was supposed to be engrossed exclusively in coaxing men, steel and nitrates from America to France. This combination of practical views, with an intelligent scholarly background, cannot be easily resisted.

M. Tardieu's whole book can be summed up in two impressions which he has gathered both from his personal experience and his reading, and which we gather from his volume. The first is that the majority of the French nation are misled in their conception of Franco-American relations because they do not know American history. They go on repeating the words "American friendship" without realizing that America as a nation does not want friendships, and separates herself from her political associates the moment she can do so, as unceremoniously as she did in 1919, when she signed a separate peace with Germany. Few French students know or remember that less than twenty years after Lafayette left the American shores, America was at war with the country to which she virtually owed her freedom. And those few Frenchmen are apt to denounce ingratitude where they ought only to look for fundamental historic differences. These differences M. Tardieu explains and frequently justifies by the constantly recurring fact that the American sees things from the economic, not from the sentimental or the political angle. Hence in his turn his incapacity to comprehend French problems, which fifteen centuries of entirely inevitable racial feuds have made chiefly political, and his irritating preachments on the adoption of impossible American nostrums.

The other impression which M. Tardieu has preserved from his personal dealings with Americans, and which anybody passing through a similar experience will register, is that individual French and American people invariably collaborate with success, because America is something widely different from the Americans. 'Devant l'Obstacle' teems with instances of this fact and with the certainty one always finds in Americans that, in spite of transient misunderstandings, France is nearer to the real American than any other country. The quaint epitaph of a young Chevalier de Saint Sauveur, in the churchyard of King's Chapel, in Boston, has said this for a century and a half.

What is to be done to smooth away misunderstandings? Teach, tell the two nations the truth, lead the American to a view of European political issues and the Frenchman to an understanding of the economic standpoint. M. Tardieu openly blames France for many mistakes, for non-comprehension and for wasting chances which the least use of publicity

would have turned to good account. Naturally, he applies this to the debt question, rightly pointing out that America never was made to realize that if she had stood by France, as Wilson had promised she would, Germany would have paid in enough to indemnify the United States and allow of reconstruction. More than anything else he deplores—here showing his intelligence of American psychology—that so-called French propaganda never placed the wonderful achievements of reconstruction in its proper light.

But the volume is full of brief, enlightening discussions and will repay careful study. The classical imprint is on many of its pages.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[From Our Own Correspondent]

Oxford, May 10, 1927

ALL Oxford is splashed with white blossoms and fresh leaves; the trees, reasserting themselves, have out-flaunted the posters on the hoardings and drowned the ugly modern suburbs in a surge of colour. It is possible, for the first time since last summer, to stand on the high ground near the city and look down towards it without disgust. But the trees thrust themselves into prominence only for a season, while hoardings bloom all the year round. Already the blossoms are snowing down; the leaves will soon grow callous and opaque; once more the hoardings and the gasometers and the saw-toothed skyline of *the* factory will resume their dominant place. The Corporation, with a vague and belated perception of their responsibilities, are taking half-hearted steps to have a number of these hoardings removed, on the ground that they project far enough to form a technical obstruction. But the Oxford town-planning scheme, of which so much has been heard, is still too tentative to be of any real use in guiding, much less holding up, the spread of ignorant building. Very grudgingly, the elementary principle of leaving flood areas unbuilt has now been conceded, but the question of open spaces remains to be faced. In fact the one good open space available—South Parks, a nobly timbered slope with one of the best close views of Oxford—is about to be sacrificed to a housing scheme, after the Agricultural Show has been held there next week. In order to save it, Colonel ffennell offered an alternative site on very generous terms; it was turned down, for it was farther from the Morris works, and the Morris works must be served. Moreover, the slope where one sees Oxford spread beneath proved much the more suitable spot for laying sewers, and on these considerations the far-sighted council determined to hear no more arguments, but to proceed with the housing scheme here.

Except for the University, the city would not be one of the best provided with open spaces, but almost the worst of its size. Access to Christ Church Meadow, Magdalen Water Walks, the Parks, Mesopotamia, the Botanic Garden and all the college gardens depends on the generosity of the University or colleges; and without these what would there be? Port Meadow, certainly, but only this year a lawsuit had to be threatened before the corporation could be restrained from plundering a further section of it for allotments—quite illegally, as the Mayor admitted at the time. The City Council has not merely palmed off on the University its duty of providing open spaces, but has missed no opportunity of laying violent hands on the only good sites. In any other town the lofty Castle Mound would be an attractive public pleasure garden; Oxford allows it to be kept palisaded with barbed wire and accessible only to felons making a dash for it out of the adjoining prison.

Dwelling itself in such a conspicuous glass-house, the City is now beginning to throw stones at the colleges which are causing the final ruin of Boars Hill by speculative building on their estates. Certainly those enterprises deserve strong condemnation; it is difficult, for instance, to find any possible justification for a wealthy college like St. John's trying to huckster building-plots in Bagley Wood—one of the few considerable woods surviving in the neighbourhood. But criticism from the city would stand a better chance of being taken seriously if the corporation were doing anything substantial itself to preserve the amenities. It is necessary to speak plainly, for so much is said and written about Oxford town-planning as to obscure the fact that Oxford is at the present moment being desecrated and built up more rapidly than all but perhaps half a dozen large towns in the country. The complacent, *laissez-faire* attitude of the authorities, the narrow economic selfishness of the townspeople and the prosperity of Cowley works are responsible for an appalling deterioration in Oxford, and particularly its close surroundings, which shows no sign of being checked. No one, surely, can watch the squandering of such an inheritance without a lively resentment and disgust; we shall return to the subject as often as necessary in the hope of arousing to more effective protest a too simply appeased public opinion.

* * *

On May morning a cuckoo was calling in Christ Church meadow an hour and a half before they sang the hymn on Magdalen tower to hail the rising sun. By then the crowd was very large, for summer time has done away with the forbidding earliness of the ceremony, which takes place now at six o'clock instead of five. Some, like your correspondent, overlooked this fact, and were rewarded for their stupidity with one of the most beautiful possible dawns from Magdalen Bridge. On Saturday there were two quite unacademic University lectures on Canada. At eleven Sir Robert Borden addressed an audience including Sir John Simon; at twelve we crossed the landing to the South School, where Sir John Simon addressed an audience including Sir Robert Borden, on the Labrador Boundary Dispute, the mountainous evidence of which is to be deposited in All Souls Library this week. Sir Robert Borden's was the first of three Rhodes Memorial lectures—a rambling intimate discourse, whetting the appetite for his experiences at Washington and the last Imperial Conference, which are to come later.

A minor addition to the sights of Oxford since last term is Halley's Observatory, which title dignifies a little garret in one of the New College houses overlooking Hell Passage. It has lost a window since Halley peered at his comet from it, and calculated its return in the house below. Dr. Turner, the Professor of Astronomy, has furbished it up with relevant pictures and charts and a telescope (not Halley's) and it has been thrown open to visitors since Good Friday, at twopence a head. Halley must have a small following now, to judge by the takings, which amount so far to 2s. 2d.

Eights Week is from May 26 to June 1; there is to be a fortnight of D'Oyly Carte Opera from June 13, and Encænia is on June 30.

"HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?"

By B. Ifor Evans

A CERTAIN daily which titivates itself with espièglerie from the American Press has recently presented its readers with a daily column entitled, 'How Much Do You Know?' School-

masters, critics, and those who live in high places join to hurl daily lists of disconnected questions at the unfortunate registered readers. Who first said "Hurrah"? Who invented "brickbats"? Who said, "Peace with Honour"? Who was Count Walewski? It is with questions such as these that readers, safe in insured bodies, endure mental torment, beyond those even of the cross-word days, as they travel to work of a morning. The development is an interesting reversion to type. In the early days of popular journalism Sir George Newnes found that replies to his readers' questions formed the most popular page of *Tit-Bits*. Nor was he the only person to make that discovery. Young Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, a contributor to *Tit-Bits*, came to the same conclusion, and in 1888, with a courteous editorial on his rival's success, inaugurated his *Answers to Correspondents*. The battle of popular journalism—this new struggle of the Green and the Orange—had commenced. But how obsequious was Mr. Alfred Harmsworth compared with these magnates of the Press: in the fawn morning-coat of the period he might almost be pictured as a literary shop-walker ready to direct you to anything you required. He answered questions, but never presumed to ask them.

Yet this question which daily faces the readers, "How Much Do You Know?" is as important as it is illusive. It is so easy to discuss matters about which we know nothing. A certain American professor once asked a group of philosophy students to criticize the Ten Commandments as a basis for a modern ethical system. Each student sent in his paper; and then the professor asked them to write out the Ten Commandments, and not one of them could do it. Nor is this habit of discussion without knowledge confined to the mediocre: one remembers that Thomas Jefferson Hogg and Percy Bysshe Shelley once discussed Italian poetry as they dined in University College, Oxford, only to learn much later that neither knew Italian and neither had even any secondary reading on the subject.

We love opinions and we hate knowledge. We will all have opinions on the Trades Union Bill. Some of us may even read one of those three-million documents which are said to have been distributed from Conservative headquarters. But how many of us will read the text of the Bill itself? The evil, I imagine, spreads beyond us, the modest lay public, for I doubt if our legislators and reformers have knowledge to support their innumerable opinions. A year ago it was rumoured that even Cabinet Ministers could not tell you the names of the Chinese military chiefs, and yet to-day every child of the hustings who can hire a tub and perch himself upon it is prepared to legislate on the future of the Far East. I have always treasured a simple device for checking Parliamentary speeches which I would commend to the notice of the proper authorities. Let there be instituted in the House of Commons (for sentimental reasons I would exclude the Lords: to discover ignorance in a Peer is unbecoming) a Testing Chamber. A member who wished to speak on any theme from London's Gas bill to the Chinese question must give due notice to the Keepers of the Chamber. He shall be required to answer a short paper based on the topic of his speech, and should he fail to make a good showing he must not rise to address the House. The talking-shop at Westminster would soon become that Hall of Silence which Carlyle wished it to be, and the real business of the country could proceed apace.

The popular Press, despite the large sums it is reputed to pay for telegrams and foreign correspondents, abhors information and delights in gossip. Yet when *The Times* newspaper first saw light in 1785 it appeared as the *Daily Universal Register* and its originator, John Walter the book printer, set as his ideal that "the true and natural principle of such a publication ought to be the Register of the Times and faithful recorder of every species of intelligence." A century later that same paper, still in the hands of the Walter family, was to succumb to sensation rather than information, and the "Parnell letter," a fabrication without a shadow of evidence, appeared in its columns. The new Press besieged it on all sides in the faith that the new public preferred an anecdote to a fact. Who can tell if they were not right?

The police-court news is the raw material from which 'Othello' was made; but who could make poetry and romance from the latest and most accurate information from Nicaragua? Yet the million sales public of to-day is not the same public as that first barely literate product of the Board Schools which clamoured for something to read in the 'eighties and 'nineties. The publishers—always more adventurous than newspaper proprietors, perhaps because their risks are less—have seen this, and can show their substantial sales of tens of thousands for reprints of the classics and for informative books.

Someone ought to write a history of the Growth of Opinion: perhaps it has been done, but it has never come my way. It may be possible to show that the triumph of opinion over knowledge came in with Protestantism; the right of the individual to have a faith that he was right. But this is in itself an opinion, and I have no information to support it. We accept evolution without reading the authorities (from this accusation Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wells are always omitted) and for those of us who preach or refute Socialism which of us has read Karl Marx or even Dr. Shadwell? And so it goes on. Knowledge is held by the few—a hierarchy as limited as the priesthood in ancient Egypt—and they do not share their knowledge even with one another. For the rest of us Science and Commerce and Politics create new superstitions; we accept the authorities and worship at the shrines that please us most. We must have our gods, some *idola mentis* to comfort us. But how did they get into our minds? That we may never be able to tell.

MR. PICKWICK RETURNS

By J. B. Priestley

THERE are, I know, any number of Green Dragons in the land, but I wonder if you know the one I mean. It is no great distance from where I live, though actually it stands at the junction of two main roads, a few miles from the nearest village, in appealing isolation. It is, indeed, a noble old coaching house, brave yet with good beef and beer, old wood and shining pewter. There it lies in the very bottom of those green and grey saucers of rich countryside, for ever mellowed with haze, that are England herself. Once in that valley you must inevitably walk into the kindly maw of the 'Green Dragon.' Well, the other night, as I climbed the hill from Little Chanbury and dropped down through Long Moulford, I told myself there would be just time for a leisurely drink there before the place closed. It was the magical hour of dusk, of purple air and vaguely glimmering fields; a time, you may say, when anything might happen. And when I had nearly reached the inn, something did happen. I saw a great shadow come stealing silently up the road, approaching the inn from the opposite direction. Clearly it was some kind of vehicle, but there was something curiously huge and ghostly about it. It came gliding on and I

walked steadily forward, and it chanced that we arrived before the 'Green Dragon' together. Now I saw that it was an enormous motor-coach, the largest I had ever seen. But the odd thing was that it showed no lights nor made any sound. Yet it was filled with people; I could see rows of heads, a vague blur of faces through the dusk. It swung round in a lumbering yet spectral fashion and then stopped only a yard or two from where I was standing and staring. The light from the inn showed me a large device or monogram painted on the side of the coach. I made out the letters "P. C."

There was not a sound, not another movement now, and as I stood staring there I began to feel creepy. "Hello!" I cried, aloud. It was just as if the word had broken a spell. Instantly the coach was filled with bustling, bewildering life. The blurred rows of faces turned into very energetic people, who all stood up and began talking at once. I could not see them very clearly, but they appeared to be a most astonishing collection of persons, who looked as if they were returning from a pageant or a masquerade. Then above the babel I heard a voice that sounded strangely familiar. "Sit down, old codger," this voice cried. "Sit down and keep still or you'll break your neck, as the church bell said to the vethercock." It happened too that I caught the reply to this extraordinary command. "Wy, Sammy," said a husky voice, "We're 'ere, an't we? And you're a-gettin' down yourself." "And what if I am, old 'un?" cried the first speaker. "You keep still. I'm a-getting out to 'elp the Governor down. Your turn'll come, as the leg o' lamb said to the cab 'orse." A moment later I saw an agile figure jump over the side, disappear for a second or so, and then return carrying some steps, down which a number of persons descended. The leader seemed to me a rather short, plump, elderly man, with a round face. He came nearer and I caught the flash of spectacles. "This looks a capital inn," I heard him declare to one of his companions. "I think they might find room for us all here, what do you think?" Other voices chimed in now. "A most beautiful night," one of them murmured, "when all Nature, except the lovelorn nightingale, seems asleep." He might have continued in this strain, but he was interrupted by the fellow who had brought the steps: "And the pike-keepers, sir. Don't forget them, They're not asleep, though p'raps you wouldn't say they vos part o' Natur." "That will do, Sam," said the elderly gentleman. "Mr. Snodgrass hasn't asked for your opinion." Did this Sam then touch his hat and say "Sorry, sir"? I am not prepared to say that he actually did, for by this time I was lost in a maze of wonder and the ground beneath my feet seemed to be the shifting territory of dreams.

Other people had come crowding out of the motor-coach, and could be dimly seen in the dusk, stretching themselves and slapping one another on the back. Everybody seemed to be talking at once, but now and then I would hear a voice that was raised above the general babble. "Where's Bob Sawyer?" I heard somebody cry, but I never discovered if he was there. A thin young man, a very fantastic figure, had pushed his way through the crowd, looked up at the inn sign, and was now addressing the gentleman who seemed to be the leader of the party. "Stop here, eh?—just the place—know it well—'Green Dragon'—plenty of bedrooms—good beer—rounds of beef—apple tart and Stilton—famous for 'em; I'll go in—tell 'em who we are—big party—distinguished travellers—special preparations—beds aired—supper on the table—no waiting—best of everything—otherwise business ruined for ever—shut up shop—sold up—children in workhouse—do their best and made for life—influential guests—know a good inn—tell everybody—great opportunity for landlord—special terms—next week crowded out—curious tourists—next year two guineas a night—Americans come—fortune made—retire for life—country gentleman—boys at Oxford—girls at Court—happy ever after." When he had done, I heard that husky voice raised somewhere in the back of the throng. "Wot did 'e say vos the name o' this 'ere public?" After having had the name repeated to him, the speaker called out: "D'hear that, Sammy? 'Green Dragon.'" This Sammy, not without a touch of impatience, called back: "Well, wot of it, old Nobs?" "On'y this, Sammy," the husky voice went on. "I never knowed a 'Green Dragon' yet as wasn't kept by a vidder and 'adn't a stuffed parrot in the tap." This statement had reached the ears of the elderly spectacled gentleman near me, who cried: "That's a most curious circumstance, Mr. Weller," and seemed to be on the point of pulling out a large notebook when there was another interruption.

This came from a man in coloured glasses, who had fussily made his way to the front of the party. "Bless my soul, Mr. Pickwick!" he cried. "Are we staying here? And is this the 'Green Dragon'? Do you know that I've never stayed at an inn of that name before? Isn't that extraordinary, really remarkable? You knew I was here, of course, one of the party? Magnus—Peter Magnus. Who's this, Mr. Pickwick? A friend of yours?" He was staring at me. They were all staring at me. Uncertainly, I moved forward a pace or two. "Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, blinking at me. "I can't say I remember this gentleman." At that moment the thin young man, with the jerky manner of speech, came closer and I thought he was about to shake my hand. "Nonsense!" he said. "Know him well—no strangers here—knows me too—Alfred Jingle, Esquire—come to welcome us—deputation of one—represents the county—deputy sheriff—going to read official address—got in left-hand coat pocket—pay attention—all ready for you, sir." Mr. Pickwick turned to one of his companions, and whispered: "I dare say Jingle's right. The news of our return here, after a hundred years, has reached these people." He turned to me now: "Well, sir, here we are, stopping for the first night of what you might call a centenary tour, for it's just a hundred years since we began our journey. Only now, of course, all our friends are with us, as you may see for yourself if you look around you. We are ready for you, sir." Did they suppose I was about to give them an official welcome? Apparently they did, for there was neither a movement nor a sound now, and every face there was turned towards me. But how still, how ghostly they were!

"Here's that new chara of young Bardsley's," cried a loud voice behind. "Isn't it a size? Cost

him something, that. Calls it the ' Pickwick.' " The inn was closing and men were coming out. There was the huge motor-coach, silvery in the queer half-light, but all the Pickwickians had vanished. The man who had just spoken and one or two companions were looking curiously at the coach, and that was all. Where now were Mr. Pickwick, Tupman, Snodgrass, the two Wellers, Jingle and the rest? Evidently the motor-coach was solid and real enough, though it was strange that it had come gliding up apparently without lights or driver. Perhaps my little dusk-dream, in which my old friends had returned so surprisingly, had begun the moment I set eyes on the vehicle, which had thus rolled straight through into my dream, shedding its lights and driver in the moment of transition. But what had Mr. Pickwick meant by his talk of a centenary? I thought over these things as I walked home, still a little dazed, and it is hardly necessary to say that when I arrived there I immediately took out a copy of ' Pickwick.' In the second chapter I read how the Pickwickians began their never-to-be-forgotten tour on May 13, 1827, and then I began to wonder if I had dreamt it after all.

THE PROPHETS (OR, MORE ACCURATELY, THE NINCOMPOOPS)

By Hilaire Belloc

IF these lines should catch the undimmed eye of some young man—a man under thirty, better still under twenty-five—will he take my advice? Let him set forth before him a fair sheet of white paper and write down what everybody to-day is taking for granted: the overwhelming greatness of this, that, and the other novelist; the genius of poet A and poet B; the growing power of the United States, which soon is to dominate us all; the effect of the League of Nations in preventing wars; the menace of Communism; the eternity of our own Institutions; the necessary decline of certain nations, the necessary rise of others.

It is not difficult to make such a list. It is only too easy. There never was a time when men took the future more for granted than they do to-day. He might add to his list something about what, in his own experience at least, he has heard people taking for granted in the way of religion. Perhaps in his own particular world he has heard that transcendental religion is losing ground so rapidly that it will soon cease to have any position at all, or he may hear that a sort of universal kindliness is going to spread in the place of fixed doctrine, like so much warm grease.

He is certain to have heard on all sides that material science has many more conquests to make, and that the near future will see us travelling faster, communicating more easily, producing wealth in greater quantities and quicker; able to do this, that, and the other, which we now cannot yet do—and so on.

That young man will do well, before finishing this bit of writing, to add the scientific dogmas of 1927; the gradual ascent of man from bestial origins; the very slow development of civilization from savagery; the vast age of prehistoric human relics. Above all let him not omit our dear little Electron, which is having as complete a social success just now as had the Eternal Indivisible Atom of my youth—The Eternal Indivisible Atom which is now languishing somewhere in the Enlightened parts of Asia and is not allowed to come into polite society any more.

When the hefty youth has written down his record, let him seal it up in a stout envelope, mark it " Not to be opened till the year 1972," give it into the trust of some corporation or legal firm or bank where it looks as though it will be fairly safe, make provision for its being dealt with in case of his death, and then go about his business. When he or his executors come to open that envelope, not only will they have a great deal of fun, but they will have a great deal of instruction as well, and it may make them pause in whatever damfool prophecies or rather taken-for-grantedings they may be indulging forty-seven years hence.

I never made such a written record (more's the pity), but I remember well enough the intellectual atmosphere of my boyhood in the England of the middle 'eighties. I am a faithful witness to the disgusting self-sufficiency of that age, though it had not reached the pitch of our own. Come, let us see what such a document would look like to-day, if in that remote age, when we were still mourning for the great Disraeli and already occupying Egypt, it had been drawn up and marked " Not to be opened till 1927."

It was dogma among intellectual people that dogma had disappeared. That was the first point. There were plenty of people who thought it had not, there were plenty of people who were even devout, but they themselves had an uncomfortable feeling that they were inferior. The intellectual lords of the time were quite certain that mechanical and material causes explained everything. If, for instance, you proposed the existence of such a force as Vitalism, you were thought mad, and I doubt whether anybody would have printed you in England; whatever was printed abroad, in holes and corners, of the old-fashioned stuff was not noticed. The dead unintelligent sieve of Natural Selection had wholly replaced the Creator. This truth was so obvious to the mandarins that here again no questions allowed. The thing was certain. Again Euclidean geometry was the only geometry conceivable. A few lunatics pottered about (especially on the Continent) with supplements to it, but they were negligible, and the base of everything lay in my dear discredited friend to whom I have already made a pious allusion, the Eternal Indivisible Atom. There were a number of kinds of him—I forget how many, something under a hundred, I will look it up—but, anyhow, there he was, bearing up the whole world.

Abroad, one thing was clear. Spain was utterly done for, Italy was lost to the old traditions, and the disappearance of her religion was a matter of a very short time. The French were rapidly declining; Prussia, which had now come to be called Germany, was destined to be for ever the natural and warm friend of England and rule the whole continent of Europe, very much as England was destined to rule Asia, Africa, and a part of America—Asia, that is, save for the dreadful menace of the Russian Czar, a fearfully wicked

man who behaved badly to Jews, and was always just going to pour vast armies into India.

There was an iron law of wages. Wages could not rise at their best above subsistence level because the competition among labourers made that impossible. A protectionist was simply an idiot—a man so stupid that he could not think out the elements of political economy. Stable currency could only co-exist with gold payments, and all paper in any country of stable currency must necessarily be automatically convertible into gold. There were two parties created from all eternity, which used to be called Conservative and Liberal, but were just beginning to be called Unionists and Home Rulers. The Irish were a terrible nuisance because, for no reason whatsoever, they refused to be run like ordinary people, and every now and then they would blow up things out of sheer wantonness. Hence the proposal on the part of some (who had not the least intention of carrying it out) to leave the Irish to themselves. (These were called the Home "Rulers"), and hence the proposal of others to bring them to their senses. (Among these I remember Mr. Balfour was beginning to be prominent.) A great number of things, particularly those concerned with the human body, would never be mentioned any more except in long words by doctors. People with £1,000 a year would always be very comfortably off, and people with £5,000 a year would always be exceedingly rich. Servants would never mind going up from fifty to seventy feet by steep stairs carrying hot water. The English birth-rate was always going to be high, and that was a good thing; population was always going to increase, and that again was a very good thing.

How vitally certain they all were, and what a dead fossil it all is to-day!

So, therefore, consequently, and upon that account, oh young man, set down, I beg of you, all that is being said around you to-day as a matter of course; all that no one denies, or at least, that no one denies except a few poor cranks who print at their own expense books unread. Set down what societies are inevitably rising and what inevitably falling. Set down the beautiful dissolution of religion into a formless syrup. Set down the increasing advance over the material world—yes, set that down particularly; make it quite clear that we are going to be more comfortable and richer and more secure in every way forty odd years on than we are now. Then appoint your trustees and await the year 1972.

Shall I tell you what will happen to your little parcel? I cannot, for that would be to play the prophet, and I am out to denounce prophets, am I not?

But I can tell you one thing that *may* happen to it. It may be destroyed. Or again, it may be lost. Or again, it may be neglected. Or again, it may be against the law of that day to publish it.

I can also tell you, by the way, something that may happen to you. You may die.

¶ *Mr. L. P. Hartley, who has been away on a holiday for some weeks, will shortly resume his articles on 'New Fiction' in these columns.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the* SATURDAY REVIEW *welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

THE TRADE UNIONS BILL

SIR,—I observe that your correspondent, Mr. MacGregor, describes the Trade Unions Bill as "one of the most reactionary measures ever placed before members of the House of Commons." I have a copy of the Bill before me and, apart from questions of drafting, it seems to carry the following four propositions laid down by the Attorney-General:

(1) That the General Strike is illegal.
(2) That intimidation is illegal.
(3) That no one shall be compelled to subscribe to the political funds of any society unless he should so desire.
(4) That any person entering the Established Civil Service must give his undivided allegiance to the State.

If any of these objects can be accurately described as "reactionary," it must be a reaction from the tyranny of Communists.

Your correspondent further remarks that this legislation "takes us backward a hundred years." This statement really implies that the present Bill deprives the trade unions of the legality conferred on them by the Act of 1871 and subsequent enactments. So far is this from being the case, the Government Bill does not even affect the extraordinary privileges granted to trade unions by the Trades Disputes Act, 1906, by which they are relieved of liability for civil wrong.

In general the opposition to the Bill is mainly based on a misinterpretation of its provisions and misconception of its legal effect.

The Bill does not interfere with genuine trade disputes, but it safeguards the community against attempts to coerce the Government and it protects the individual citizen from intimidation and victimization.

I am, etc.,
GORDON C. TOUCHE

7 *Richmond Mansions, S.W.*5

PRAYER BOOK REVISION

SIR,—Many of those who profess and call themselves Protestants are voicing in the Press and at meetings their loyalty to the "old" Prayer Book and also asking what disciplinary steps are to be taken against Catholics who may go beyond the concessions of the revised book. If any discipline is enforced it should surely be enforced all round and it would be interesting to learn if all the Protestant section is prepared to obey the following clear directions of the rubrics in the present book:

(1) To say Morning and Evening Prayer daily in their Churches.
(2) To notify their people of the prescribed days of fasting—which presupposes that their flocks shall observe the fasts.
(3) To have a Celebration of the Holy Communion on all the days for which special Collects, Epistles and Gospels are provided.
(4) To observe the rubrics as to kneeling.
(5) The General Confession in the Communion Office "to be said by one of the ministers in the name of all present."
(6) To ascertain that all their people communicate at least three times a year, of which Easter is to be one.

The above are only a selection at random of many points deserving of consideration when charges of disloyalty are laid against Catholic-minded folk by Protestants who would have us imagine that they are wholly loyal to the provisions of the existing Prayer Book.

I am, etc.,
"FAIR MINDED"

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

SIR,—As this dogma is the chief error of the Latin Church to which the proposed Prayer Books of February and March last is one of the objects of the Anglican Bishops I would draw your readers' attention to Articles 28 and 35 or Homilies, pages 472 to 478. The consecrated bread and wine will never change, though the would-be Sacerdos assert so (without proof) till doomsday. Bishop Gore says " after partaking, when digestion begins there is a reconversion " —what nonsense! The idea that any mortal man can make his Creator and then eat Him is arrogant blasphemy. Transubstantiation is a modern invention of the Papacy, opposed to the senses of seeing, tasting, feeling, etc., as the late eminent papist Sir George Mivart wrote: " The Church of Rome was the very agency which Satan has used to deceive them," October 17, 1899. Gelasius, bishop of Rome A.D. 492, wrote: " The substance or nature of the bread and wine cease not to exist." The Papacy places these words in the Expurgatory Index. Augustine, A.D. 396, said: He (Christ) gave a sign of His body.—Matt. xxvi, 26. Theodoret, bishop of Cyrus (A.D. 430) wrote that "the mystical signs do not depart from their nature, but remain in their former substance, figure and form." Chrysostom, A.D. 406, "the nature of bread still remains in it." The Catechism of Trent, A.D. 1564, teaches the change into the bones, sinews, nerves, etc. The Council of Trent proclaimed 125 curses against unbelievers of this absurdity. The black rubric at the end of our Communion Service, the Creeds, Service for Ascension, the Te Deum, verse 18, Acts i, 9 to 11, all imply Christ's bodily absence.

I am, etc.,

Waverton, Chester ROBERT FOULKES

SIR,—The Early Fathers never had any notion of the conversion of the bread and wine of the Eucharist into the Real Body and Blood of Christ. It is a priestly innovation and the doctrine is the peculiar property of the Roman Catholic Church.

Transubstantiation was formulated as a doctrine of the Catholic Church at the Lateran Council of 1215 under Innocent III.

It was first broached by Paschasius Rudbeiter in 831.

John Wycliff translated the Bible from Latin to English in 1377-8, and attacked the doctrine of transubstantiation in 1381.

The Greek Church differs from the Roman Catholic Church in the absence of the " filioque," also in the absence of Purgatory, Immaculate Conception, and Real Presence in the Eucharist.

I am, etc.,

Airlie, Ayr RICHARD NIVEN

*(Other letters on this subject are unavoidably held over.—*Ed. *S.R.)*

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE

SIR,—Your article on the Public-house interested me greatly, for twenty years ago I went very thoroughly into the question of " the reformed public-house," as the phrase then ran. It is evident many aspects of the problem remain the same, but it is pleasant to read that the " Anchor Tavern " project of providing cheap meals is on the increase. As you point out, the term " licensed victualler " in these days has " peculiar irony."

Twenty years ago the deadliest opponent of providing cheap and comfortable meals in a public-house was the licensing magistrate. Anything that tended to raise the public-house above a drinking-den was stamped on. You may trace the same train of thought in the Lloyd George legislation, which forbad children under 14 to enter. This was not aimed at the child but at the mother. Yet in an ordinary restaurant, which, after all, is only an " Anchor Tavern " for well-to-do folk, nothing has tended more to sobriety than woman's influence.

The best thing that has happened in recent years is the closing of public-houses for two hours of an afternoon. This allows of a thorough ventilation. But go back to the beginning: compel the publican to be a licensed victualler in the widest sense of the word, and his " house " to be really a public-house and not a collection of more or less secret drinking-dens and toping-holes, and there is no reason, human nature being what it is, why drunkenness should not be minimized among the lower classes as it has been among the upper and middle classes.

I am, etc.,

F. P. S.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

SIR,—I generally read Mr. Edward Shanks with pleasure. His reference in your issue of April 30 (page 671) to Auguste Angellier—whom he miscalls Emile—as an " amiable bumble bee," author of " an interesting essay on Burns," but a writer of " no interesting poetry " gave me the more pain.

I have known many of the prominent men of the past thirty years. Not one came near Angellier for mental grasp and intellectual equipment. Angellier's conversation left on one the impression which Léon Daudet has tried to express in speaking of Marcel Proust: " stars and flowers." The admixture of soundness and freshness was astounding.

To say that Angellier wrote " an interesting essay " on Robert Burns is to give the reader an idea that Angellier tried to do—probably less successfully—what Stevenson had done before him. Nothing can be more unjust to the immense scholarship and penetrating originality of two volumes leaving far behind them what had been attempted on the subject in any language.

Mr. Shanks does not think Angellier's poetry " interesting." So intelligent a critic would not, it seems to me, commit himself to such a statement if he were really acquainted with ' L'Amie Perdue.' I should not be surprised if he had had on his table nothing better than the selections from Angellier's volumes published by the Oxford University Press. ' L'Amie Perdue ' cannot be appreciated at a glance.

Or perhaps what Mr. Shanks wants of modern French poetry is what he gets in Henri de Régnier, viz., evanescent imagery and elusive musicalness. Angellier's full rhythms give you simple soul poetry in beautiful but simple images. His style recalls the poets of the sixteenth century. It also recalls Petrarch. It ought to be no faint praise.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST DIMNET

THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—" An F. R. S." confuses killing with cruelty. If rats and flies must be destroyed, let them be destroyed in the swiftest and humanest manner possible. We have not yet abandoned capital punishment, but we have stopped the methods of the Inquisition.

I define cruelty as the unjust infliction of pain that can be avoided. To compare dogs with microbes may be witty, but it is not common sense.

I am, etc.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD

32 Charing Cross, S.W.1

SIR,—May I be permitted to reply to the letter of " A Man in the Street "? The point he has raised that " Life must be as much a boon to a mouse as it is to a foxhound ?" is perfectly true, and it is as reprehensible to torture one species of animal as another. It is impossible to justify vivisection morally: it is cruel because deliberately and in cold blood

it inflicts agony and torture; it is cowardly because this suffering is inflicted upon creatures weaker than ourselves who are utterly defenceless and dumb; and it is selfish because its only object is that we hope thereby to lessen our own ailments and diseases concerning which the animals have no possible responsibility. We have the right to take animal life as quickly and painlessly as possible, but not the right to torture. Public opinion no longer approves the tortures of the Inquisition, although the Inquisitors had a far higher motive than the alleviation of physical suffering and disease.

There is no question of the "inoculation of one dog meaning the salvation of generations of men." The experiment would be repeated again and again by different vivisectors in different countries to see whether the same result occurred. I think if your correspondent would investigate the question of medical research by experiments on living animals and sift the evidence for himself he would find that this cruel practice has not lessened the sum total of human disease. In March the Vice-President of the British Medical Association said in an address at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary that disease was perhaps more prevalent to-day than fifty years ago. The twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund gives a description of an experiment on animals of the "excision of the spleen and returning the organ, after rapid mincing, to the peritoneal cavity before closing the abdominal wound." In view of this a letter in the *Reading Standard* a few weeks ago from Professor Hastings Gilford, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., is interesting. He says it has been his lot "to make a general survey of cancer in all its aspects" and continues: "I do not believe anyone who does this with an open mind can come to any other conclusion than that to search for the cause or cure of cancer by means of experiments on lower animals is useless."

Finally may I quote from Dr. George Wilson's Reservation Memorandum to the Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection. He says:

> I am always face to face with this distressing conviction that even admitting that experiments on animals have contributed to the relief of human suffering, such measure of relief is infinitesimal compared with the pain which has been inflicted on animals to secure it.

I am, etc.,

VERA LEA

61 *Hanger Hill, Ealing, W.*5

'THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT'

SIR,—While thanking your reviewer for the honour he has done me in his entertaining, if absolutely discursive and impertinent, notice of my latest book 'The Geography of Witchcraft' may I point out that, so far from not having consulted the LXX with regard to the "ventriloquism" of the Witch of Endor, in my 'History of Witchcraft' I devoted five pages to this very point. I quoted the LXX, Douai, and A. V.; S. Gregory of Nyssa, Theodoret, S. Jerome, S. Basil, Tertullian, S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, Josephus, Lenormant, Renan, and others. Does he require yet further authority?

The remarks with reference to the Index are, of course, merest trifling.

I am, etc.,

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

[Our reviewer writes: "I regret that I did Mr. Montague Summers the injustice of supposing that he did not know that Reginald Scot was following the LXX when he spoke of ventriloquism in connexion with the Witch of Endor; but the point of my remark is not affected by the fact that he quotes them in another work. With our present-day knowledge of mediums it is possible to suppose that the Witch of Endor had an unexpected experience and yet hold that Reginald Scot took a view that was reasonable for his age. The LXX voiced either a traditional view or the current opinion of their own time; Scot was concerned with facts, not the opinions of theologians, and he rightly went to the LXX when it was a question of forming an opinion on the subject of the mediums of Palestine in the age of Saul. Of the so-called authorities quoted by Mr. Montague Summers, Josephus seems to be the only one worth naming."—ED. *S.R.*

P's AND Q's

SIR,—I should be glad of any information concerning Thomas Toko Lynch, the Victorian poet and hymn-writer.

D. SHELLEY

SIR,—In Act 1, Scene 2, of Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in His Humour,' there is a reference to "Drake's old ship at Deptford." Can any of your readers throw any light on this?

M. C. MARSH

NECESSITY AND INVENTION

SIR,—The line, "Necessity, the mother of invention"—which shares the fate of Pope's "A little learning is a dangerous thing," in being invariably misquoted—may be found in Wycherly's comedy, 'Love in a Wood.'

P. GILBERT

SIR,—The source of the proverb "Necessity is the mother of invention" is Act 1 of 'The Twin Rivals,' by George Farquhar (1678-1707).

J. POLACK

WHAT THE COW DIED OF

SIR,—In reply to A. D. Jephson, "The tune the cow died of," Dr. Cobham Brewer states in 'The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable': "Advice instead of relief, remonstrance instead of help." The reference is to the well-known song:

"There was an old man and he had an old cow,
But he had no fodder to give her,
So he took up his fiddle and played her the tune—
Consider, good cow, consider,
This isn't the time for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider."

MABEL ESCOMBE

[Our correspondent, A. D. Jephson, asked for information regarding the tune the old *cat* died of. —ED. *S.R.*]

THE THEATRE

BELMONT AND BEDLAM

BY IVOR BROWN

The Lady of Belmont. By St. John Ervine. Arts Theatre Club.

Double Dan. By Edgar Wallace. Savoy Theatre.

'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE' is a play before which the best of bardolaters may wilt a little and lose faith. Shakespeare at the top of his form can easily chase one's attention from a silly plot; to cavil over the absurdities of Lear's fable is to merely confess oneself deaf and blind. But Shylock's bond, the caskets, and the rings are ballast so heavy that poetry is held in check—and the piece is more relieved than redeemed by the moon-lit lyricism of the fifth act and the character of the Jew. Worse

still, the oppressive curriculum has fallen upon the struggling life of the piece and cut away such pounds of flesh as it could discover; the schoolmaster has added his arm and flogged the play to death. At an early age I suffered the lady of Belmont as the task-mistress of my holidays and crept unwillingly to school in order to be duly informative about the Rialto and the gaberdine, the derivation of the word "argosy" and the exchange-value of an angel or a ducat.

That was a bad start. Later came the realist's disgust with romantic hocus-pocus. By the time one had finally qualified as a scholiast on 'Phill-horse' and 'God's sonties' and other momentous issues of Elizabethan lore, one had turned wearily from Shakespeare to welcome Shaw. That, of course, involved a disenchantment with Bassanio and company as complete as was one's boredom with note-writing on Venetian finance. Mr. Ervine's sequel should gratify the disillusioned, since it brusquely raises to the light of reality the curtain originally dropped in purest moon-shine. We had heard of Portia that:

> She doth stray about
> By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
> For happy wedlock hours,

and Mr. Ervine's play supposes that, in this case at least, prayer went unanswered and that devotion totally failed to pay a dividend. Ten years later Bassanio is shown to us as a mere wastrel and lecher; his attentions to Portia are limited to her vanishing fortune, while Jessica is the present objective of his wandering eye. Antonio has developed into the bore of the Rialto and has been maundering for ten years about his "case." Gratiano and Nerissa are well-matched in mutual disdain and unmannerly unrest. Dr. Bellario intervenes with the matter-of-fact professional air of a Duke's Counsel. He is still resentful because Portia "scooped" his opportunity ten years ago, and he tells Shylock that the man who pleads his own case begins with the case lost. If only he had briefed Bellario, D.C., that pound of flesh would have been his right enough. The reaction of such views upon Antonio makes tart comedy, and indeed there is a nice satiric invention about it all. The play is a fair retort to romance. As it has been produced in the private theatre of a club its run has necessarily been brief. I suggest Stratford-on-Avon as the proper site for a revival. 'The Lady of Belmont' is good explicit criticism of Shakespeare: yet praise and devotion are implicit. If Shakespeare could by his unparagoned gift of phrase make his silly play about silly people not only tolerable but delightful, what are we to do but salute? Saluting is the local industry of Stratford, and Mr. Ervine implies an attitude of obeisance while he knocks Bassanio's hat off and pulls Antonio by the beard.

Moreover, the dramatist has been wise in his method. He has kept to his own idiom. To have attempted an imitation of the Elizabethan manner, save by way of parody, would have been disastrous and parody would have been nothing to his purpose. For this Belmont episode is a serious critique of romantic values and not a lark for high-brows. In the second place Mr. Ervine has kept his critique in hand. It would have been easy, and doubtless tempting, to extend the range of the sardonic fire and to make Portia look as foolish or as ugly as the others. She remains the lady, not the baggage, of Belmont. Shylock receives an equal courtesy; indeed, so gracious an old man is he now that we may begin to wonder why he ever ferociously coveted that pound of flesh. Apologize for Shakespeare's Jew as we may, his conduct showed no sense of behaviour or of business, while Mr. Ervine's Shylock shows both decency as a family man and prudence as one who could reap the fruits of a compulsory conversion to the Christian faith.

Mr. Milton Rosmer, the producer, made a good picture of the piece within a handsome frame designed by Mr. Herbert Norris. It was not, I imagine, Mr. Rosmer's fault that some of the players failed in the pace and verve which are essential to satiric comedy. He had aimed at lightness of touch and from Mr. O. S. Clarence he received a perfect response. Mr. Stanley Drewitt had rich opportunities as the insufferable Antonio and took them richly. His performance reminded me of Mr. Rosmer's delicious appearance two years ago as Hjalmar Ekdal in another play where Romance is poked in the ribs. Mr. Hay Petrie was more happy in hose than he usually is in modern suitings, and Mr. Clarke-Smith attacked Bassanio's part with a dashing ungallantry which was excellent, but I thought that he did not always make the most of his words.

'Double Dan,' indeed! Why only "double"? This is the very ecstasy of numerical modesty, for the gentleman was as multiple as a tea-shop and as various as hors d'œuvres. But whereas it is the habit of multiple tea-shops to look alike, Master Dan was as tricky a masquer as ever waggled a false moustache in the face of Scotland Yard. He carried on his person as much false hair as would have filled a perruquier's window and there was a poetic justice in his ultimate capture by a "cop" who was justly known as Baldy. Balderdash, incidentally, would not have been an unjust name for any of the characters. Mr. Edgar Wallace, now so ubiquitous in letters, has not wasted any of his much-claimed labour on making Daniel's adventures plausible. The play is a hotch-potch of perfunctory fooling; perfunctory, that is to say, on the part of the author, who has let his fun amble through Bedlam and wander as it will. Explanations can be tiresome, and Mr. Wallace does not summon us to reason's feast. He throws us light-heartedly into a world of high-finance where the directors of a great bank are more concerned with betting than with bullion. When a mysterious stranger walks in and says that he represents the Yard, the kings of finance hand him the key of the safe with no questions asked and continue their chatter about a good thing for the two-thirty. Since Mr. Wallace has written so much in the phraseology of the paddock, let me return the compliment by observing that his plot, like the last two furlongs at Sandown, was a bit steep, that Double Dan was never fully extended, and that boring was not unknown. "Don't cry, dear. We've just had the carpet cleaned." Must one expect fun of that sort in a West End theatre?

The production might have been crisper, but some of the players were notably skilful in bustling the nonsense along. There were several lives and souls of the party. Mr. Alfred Drayton, as Multiple Daniel, whisked his disguises on and off with the utmost despatch and treated a safe like a sardine-tin with the efficient nonchalance of one crooked beyond hope of rectification. Mr. Peter Haddon very properly dithered through his part of a silly ass and displayed an inarticulate expressiveness which was usually far more amusing than anything which the author had given him to say. Mr. Clive Currie presented another of his portraits from a photograph album which contains the most dreadful gallery of banausic specimens. What other player can so leer over pince-nez and sniff beneath them or so suck his teeth under a ragged moustache? The small shop-keeper, who has recently become the hero of Mr. Chesterton's new League of Liberty, could be perfectly embodied by Mr. Currie. If Mr. Chesterton would only organize a Pageant of Small Proprietors, what a splendid figure would be cut by Mr. Currie as Freedom's Eldest Son. Miss Cecily Byrne adorned the scene, and Miss Wish Wynne, as a masterful servant, reminded us that a triumphant career in the music-halls is a first-rate school of acting for "the straight." Her force, clarity, and emphasis were all models of farcical style.

MUSIC

THE ROMANTIC MOZART

DR. EAGLEFIELD HULL, the editor of that useful book of reference, the 'Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians,' has produced a survey of music from the time of Monteverdi down to our own time and, indeed, beyond it—into next month! Dr. Hull has the encyclopædic manner. His book reads like a series of concise articles on the various composers with cross-references where they overlap. In fact it is not a very readable book as a whole, but its parts are excellent in the way they put before the reader the essential facts about each composer's life and some of the characteristics of his music. The book is weakest on this last side, because the analysis of individual styles is—perhaps inevitably, on account of the vast amount of ground covered—rather superficial. Dr. Hull produces little sense of continuity, of the growth of one style from another, and it is for this reason more than any other that this volume* must go beside that other upon the reference-shelf rather than among books properly so-called.

Not that there is no plan to it. Dr. Hull divides composers into "Classical" and "Romantic," those who are swayed more by the head or by the heart. That is a sound enough division, provided we are sure what we mean by the two terms, and works well enough until we get down to brass tacks. But when a page is headed "Mozart the Supreme Type" (i.e., of Classical composer) and another, dealing also with Mozart, "A Pure Classicist," the reader is pulled up short by the doubt whether Mozart was not after all something of a Romantic too. It would certainly be difficult to deny that he, of all men, was swayed by his heart—not only in his life but in his music also. He was of his age and, like all men of genius, a little ahead of it. Naumann, the Dresden Kapellmeister, called him a "musical *sans culotte*," an opinion which comes nearer to the truth than Dr. Hull's "pure classicist." To us, indeed, he may seem what Dr. Hull calls him, because music has advanced so far beyond him that his innovations no longer sound strange. (There are exceptions even to that, for instance the opening of the C major quartet, which is still a bone of contention to the critics.) The strangeness has evaporated, but the music lives on, because there is something more in it than mere innovation, just as the music of C. P. E. Bach is for the most part dead, because, although he did more than any other to form the symphonic style of the late eighteenth century, it lacks that immortal quality.

Yet, though the technical innovations of Mozart pass unnoticed, his spiritual innovations remain and are part and parcel of his music's vitality. Those who have seen 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail' at Covent Garden will have recognized that Osmin is the only real character in what is for the rest a conventional puppet-show, more conventional, indeed, than the intentionally artificial 'Cosi fan Tutte.' Osmin is the first, truly native character of the German lyric drama. He is distinctly recognizable as the ancestor of Baron Ochs. It will be admitted that there is nothing very classical about Osmin's trolling. His first song is not even cast in the classical form of the *aria*. It is a song, like Papageno's or Ochs's all-pervading ditty.

More than this, Mozart anticipated the nineteenth-century composers in freeing himself from the existing patronage system. That may seem on the face of it untrue, since he remained to the end Court Chamber-composer to the Austrian Emperor. But he did little, except the perfunctory composition of 'La Clemenza di Tito,' to justify his position after the accession of Leopold II, and, had death not intervened, he would probably have been dismissed, as he had previously been kicked out of the Archbishop of Salzburg's house for insolence to his master. The new Emperor looked with disfavour on all who had been appointed by his predecessor, and Salieri, lately esteemed more highly than Mozart, resigned. With the exception of 'Cosi fan Tutte,' all the compositions after 'Figaro,' including the three great symphonies, 'Die Zauberflöte' and the 'Requiem' Mass, were written, not in his official capacity, but as private commissions. This may seem to have little to do with Romanticism, but my point is that towards the end of his life Mozart was rapidly approaching the idea of composing for the general public—'Die Zauberflöte' is a prime instance—rather than for the Court. It was left to Beethoven to take the whole of this step towards a new point of view for composers, and it is a step which has a great deal to do with the development of Romantic music.

There is yet one more point I would mention and it is the most important. Towards the end of his life Mozart's style began to undergo a definite change, which remained, however, uncompleted. That is why his death is one of the most teasing things in the history of music. Had Schubert lived on or Mendelssohn, we may be sure that they would have added to their work nothing which would fundamentally alter our estimate of it. We cannot be sure that, had Mozart not succumbed to starvation and disease at the very turning-point of his fortunes, he would not now be regarded, not as the supreme type of Classical composer, but as the first of the Romantics and the peer of Beethoven—if *he* was a Romantic, which is another story. There are definite signs in Mozart's later works that he was developing in himself the style, which is especially associated with Beethoven. The mark of this new manner is a sense of struggle, of aspiration, and sometimes of moral indignation. It appears in the Commendatore's music in "Don Giovanni,' but the most significant evidence of it is in the last of the quartets.

This quartet in F major, the third of those dedicated to the King of Prussia, is usually dismissed as an elegant piece of court-music. Superficially, there is, indeed, little difference between it and its two companions in D major and B flat. But, speaking for myself, every time I hear it, a different spirit seems to show itself beneath the polished grace of its exterior. Mozart appears to be groping towards the expression of the kind of idea which was to be the basis of Beethoven's work. There is a strenuousness in the very first phrase, which sounds a new note in his music. Then, after the music has proceeded in the usual elegant manner, comes a dialogue between the first violin and violoncello, which has an odd intensity about it for all that it is quietly played.

But the most significant symptom appears in the last movement, which starts off like any other piece of gay Mozartian chatter, but is soon held up by dramatic pauses in the manner used with such immense effect in nearly every one of Beethoven's important works. I do not wish to imply that Mozart was about to develop into a Beethoven, when he died. But in this quartet and in certain passages of his later music I seem to see him attempting to grasp the ideas, which were in the air even then, and which were to be definitely formulated only thirteen years later in the Eroica Symphony. Had Mozart lived, he would then have been only forty-seven, with a reasonable expectation of at least ten more years of life. We may well ask, unanswerable though the question is, what would have been the reaction of Beethoven's music upon this most impressionable genius?

H.

* 'Music, Classical, Romantic and Modern.' By Eaglefield Hull. Dent. 10s. 6d.

ART

THE ARTISTIC PLATITUDE

By Anthony Bertram

IN the orchard at the end of my garden is an old white horse. I was considering him the other day with an acquaintance of mine as he stood under the apple blossoms, his flanks flecked with pale blue shadows. "He's quite a picture," said my acquaintance; and she added, "Really some artist ought to paint him." She was profoundly wrong, that I knew; but why, I am not quite so sure. I have pondered her words through the early, brilliant days of this May, going about the woods where the bluebells, as she would say, make quite a carpet, where the campion, with its stab of red, varies the blue and green, and the Star of Bethlehem rebukes them with exquisite white: and I know she would think it all makes quite a picture and that really some artist ought to paint it.

Why is it that things which are beautiful in nature so rarely inspire great art? Do we not know the multitudinous canvases that white horses under apple blossom and spring woods produce day after pitiless day?

I recently visited an exhibition of works by Mr. W. Lee-Hankey, A.R.W.S., at Messrs. Arthur Tooth's Gallery, 155 New Bond Street. There I found typical "white horse" pictures, pleasant renderings of pleasant things. I was moderately and momentarily charmed. Mr. Lee-Hankey has a certain knack of reproducing pleasant things in a kind of crystallized *coup d'œil*. A neighbour of mine owns a *camera obscura*. This delightful toy reflects whatever you direct it at, on to a sheet of white paper which you spy at through an opening. When I looked at the white horse in this, he became artistically intolerable, although, of course, it is always fun to see a thing in a new way or changed in size. Now, Mr. Lee-Hankey and his like are the *cameræ obscuræ* of painting, with this difference: the *camera obscura* retains detail, but so reduces it as to produce an unpleasantly false effect; moreover, because of the lens, it falsifies the colours; Mr. Lee-Hankey simplifies the detail and reproduces the true colour (superficially speaking), and so is nearer truth than the mechanical instrument.

"Very well, then," it may be said, "if a beautiful object is truthfully reproduced, the reproduction must be beautiful. That is logic." First of all, it is not truthfully reproduced. The truth is limited by the medium. Moreover, there is the matter of size. A model ship on our table does not awaken in us the same emotions as the reality riding at anchor; a snapshot of a mountain has no power to make us afraid. Vice versa; those enlarged models of fleas one sees in museums have, visually, a quite other effect than the real thing. Size, in fact, is part of the character of an object, and no amount of simplification to avoid excess of detail can alter the fact that a painted object has a different effect from the object from which it is painted. Now, a painting may serve one of two good purposes: it may move us deeply with a new, strange understanding, and that is art; or it may remind us pleasantly of something we like, and that is camera obscurism. This latter purpose, even when it is most excellently fulfilled, is a most superficial one, because nothing merely seen continues to be pleasant. If the white horse never moved, or the blossoms never fell off the tree, or the sky never ceased to be blue, we should go mad. Beauty in this sense we can endure only for a season. The thing which a man brings to the object he paints and which can make his picture art, is the human element—emotion, spirit, understanding, call it what you will.

To go back to our first point. What is obviously beautiful is, by definition, beautiful to all. Therefore, the painter who merely reproduces it is merely stating the obvious: in other words, expressing the artistic platitude. The artist usually turns away from it because, in his modesty, he is afraid he has nothing new to say about a subject that has been worried to death. Of course, he may have, and then he is all the greater artist. Just as it demands high genius to make a fresh comment on death, so it needs high genius to paint bluebells and avoid being a Polonius. My acquaintance says: "There is quite enough ugliness in the world, without painting it." I would answer: "There is quite enough beauty in the world without painting it. Art is not a toy, a *camera obscura*, to reproduce the pretty things *you* see. It is a sublime means to show you what someone else, someone greater than you, sees. And, curiously enough, once a great artist has expressed the bluebells, other great artists compliment him by leaving them alone. The beautiful subjects are worn out (I speak a little extravagantly): artists are turning to the dustbin because, art being universal, it may deal with the whole universe. You should read Wordsworth's prefaces on that matter. These artists are not seeking to glorify ugliness, but merely to prove that it does not exist. They have been doing that since the cave-men drew at Altamira. People like you did not see that the white horses of the world were beautiful until the artists had opened your eyes. Therefore I counsel you not to wish for an artist to repeat your platitudinous white horse. Enjoy him as he is. He is very nice. So are Mr. Lee-Hankey's reproductions very nice."

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—63

Set by Gerald Bullett

A. *We offer a First Prize of* Two Guineas *and a Second Prize of* Half a Guinea *for the best original moral fable, in prose, not exceeding* 500 *words. The characters should be birds, beasts, or insects, as in Æsop; or inanimate things endowed with sensibility, as often in Hans Andersen.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of* One Guinea *and a Second Prize of* Half a Guinea *for the best original Metaphysical Limerick: that is, a limerick expounding, defending, criticizing or deriding a (more or less) metaphysical idea. The following comment on Bishop Berkeley's Idealism—not, by the way, a very intelligent comment—is perhaps the best-known example of this kind:*

There was a young man who said: "God
Must think it exceedingly odd
That that sycamore tree
Continues to be,
Though there's no one about in the quad."

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The Saturday Review, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 63A, or LITERARY 63B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on *Monday*, May 23, 1927. The results will be announced

in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 61

SET BY NIGEL PLAYFAIR

A. *We offer a First Prize of* Two Guineas *and a Second Prize of* Half a Guinea *for a Rondeau beginning with the words "When Crummles played." It should be capable of being spoken as the Epilogue to a play of his period addressed to a modern audience. There should be the suggestion through it that Crummles and his company, in difficult circumstances, were doing their best to carry on the traditions of English acting. No mention of his Pump should be made.*

N.B.—Mr. Nigel Playfair, by arrangement with the SATURDAY REVIEW, reserves the right to purchase from the author the copyright of any entry submitted for this Competition (not necessarily the winning entry) for a sum of Five Guineas.

B. *We offer a First Prize of* One Guinea *and a Second Prize of* Half a Guinea *for the best hundred words from the contributions to a symposium "My Exemplary Night Club," supposed to be written by Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Hannen Swaffer and Mr. Harley Granville-Barker.*

We have received the following report from Mr. Nigel Playfair, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. PLAYFAIR

61A. In my ignorance I thought that the Rondeau form was a pleasantly easy one. I was wrong. Many of the competitors failed even to be correct, and, when they were, achieved the result by twisting their words into most unsightly knots. Perhaps there was no golden rule to follow, but I may point out that Mr. Austin Dobson provides perfect models and therefore it is unnecessary to go to the author of 'Shock-headed Peter' for inspiration as one competitor did.

> When Crummles played his mighty rôles,
> And turned salt mack'rel into soles
> They swore of him—"Oh! splendid sight
> This Vincent is a rare delight!"

I have no right to be a severe critic, being the merest amateur in this direction myself, but it does give me a bit of a shock—Mrs. Leo Hunter and her horrid example having been before us for one hundred years—to find that anyone can perpetrate such a line as:

> Virtue—streaky. I wonder why.

There is much that is charming in Belvawney's poem, but carelessly she has not read the rules:

> Great days for Greatness we recall:
> The Actor then was no man's thrall.
> No stern Producer toned him down,
> Rehearsing 'neath an Author's frown:
> He ruled and was majestical.
>
> Greater than Great, stood forth the Small,
> The Infant, the Phenomenal!
> No Coogan could have snatched renown,
> When Crummles played!
>
> You moderns sip your drops of gall,
> Thin, cynic stuff your players drawl.
> But are you nearer drama's crown
> Than those who once in Portsmouth Town
> Drained beer and life-blood in their stall,
> When Crummles played?
>
> BELVAWNEY

There is merit too, especially in the beginning, in Non Omnia's Rondeau, but it becomes very weak towards the end:

> When Crummles played, his troupe professed
> On dingy boards their art's poor best.
> Of foolish patrons too aware,
> They postured in the smoky flare
> And ranted in a great unrest.
>
> 'Twas miming with fantastic zest,
> With rolling eyes and heaving chest,
> And sawing still the patient air,
> When Crummles played.
>
> Yet may the shade of Kean attest
> The heart beneath the motley vest,
> Saying, "Himself he did not spare,
> Our altar served with passion rare.
> We called him thrice 'twixt tears and jest,
> When Crummles played."
>
> NON OMNIA

Gaspard's Rondeau is undoubtedly the best from a literary point of view, but it is quite undramatic, and to be dramatic was of the essence of the competition:

> When Crummles played in Portsmouth Town,
> The pony tippled with the clown;
> Mixed were the manners of the stage—
> The tragic with the comic page—
> (Ervine and Agate sure would frown.)
>
> Yet still the Temple of Renown
> (Old "Bricks and Mortar" tumbling down)
> The actor's ardour would engage,
> When Crummles played.
>
> Beneath the faded fustian gown,
> The tinsel masquerade for crown,
> Glowed still the deep, imperious rage,
> High visions of the dreaming sage
> No lack of properties could drown,
> When Crummles played.
>
> GASPARD

That is why Mr. George Gamble wins the second prize, though his poem has obviously many faults. The first prize I recommend should be given to Mr. J. W. Pepper, in spite of a weak line in the last part. I am sorry to say, however, that none of the entries will suit my particular purpose.

THE WINNING ENTRY

> When Crummles played his various part,
> Like Thespis, with his wandering cart,
> Corinthian George was England's king,
> Who left the Drama for the Ring
> Where Cribb pursued "the noble art."
>
> Then fair Thalia, losing heart,
> Prepared, reluctant, to depart;
> Yet paused, with half-unfolded wing,
> When Crummles played.
>
> Loose not, o critic stern, thy dart
> Of ridicule and censure tart;
> But think, when now the Muses sing,
> And tears and happy laughter bring,
> These had their ruder counterpart
> When Crummles played.
>
> J. W. PEPPER

SECOND PRIZE

> When Crummles played, there stalked from out the "wings"
> A mime grotesque—with strut—and scowl—and flings.
> Yet ('spite of dowdy garb and shabbier scene)
> He and his fellow-strollers ranged between
> George Lillo's "crooks" and Shakespeare's queens and kings.
>
> Crude though their puppet craft, tradition clings . . .
> Sweet Nell, pert Clive, grand Siddons pulled the strings
> (Garrick the Great—cold Kemble—fiery Kean!)
> When Crummles played.
>
> Stoutly they served their art 'gainst Fortune's slings:
> Half-starved, they fed on hope that failure brings;
> Ill-clad, down-heeled, nought but their pride to preen,
> They could not reap Fame's field—they could but glean.
> Ah, hope deferred! Oh, tears in human things!
> When Crummles played.
>
> GEORGE GAMBLE

61B. To my sorrow, and, I suppose I must add, to my shame, there were no entries for this.

BACK NUMBERS—XXIII

THE requirements of this paper have always been so individual that very few of its contributors have been men who, working for papers in general, wrote for the SATURDAY incidentally. Andrew Lang could have written for any comprehensive and many kinds of specialized papers. Classical literature, folklore, Scottish history might have occupied half his day; in the other half he was ready to throw off a serious or jesting lyric, a version of some piece by a contemporary of Ronsard, an essay on a broomstick, paragraphs on almost any matter that for the moment concerned the man in the study or the street. In an appreciation of one of his favourites among modern minor poets, the poet of 'The Scarlet Gown,' he chided Murray for describing the production of literary notes as "a not very inspiring occupation." He himself, he protested, was fired at the thought of its possibilities. There was, indeed, scarcely anything that was not suggestive to him, scarcely any paper to the demands of which he could not have responded with zest. But, if one sets aside the articles he wrote for a daily paper on which he and Mr. Whiteing were friendly rivals, nothing was more congenial to him than his work for the SATURDAY.

* * *

To these pages, week by week, year after year, he contributed at least two articles, a long literary article and a vivacious non-political leader. With us, he never had to pause to consider whether his point would be taken, whether he was sufficiently accommodating himself to his audience. The readers we had were such as he required, people at ease with ideas, and capable of relishing alike his learning and his play. He delighted them, as he delighted in his several capacities various other sections of the public. Only, as the years went on, there grew up in some quarters a feeling that Lang had nowhere reached quite the success of which his early manhood gave promise.

* * *

That faint disappointment was in a sense justified. His more solid books, stimulating as they were, were not final. His poetry, for all its charm and wistfulness, seemed an accomplishment not taken with fundamental seriousness by its author. His lighter miscellaneous work appeared to be no more than exceptionally graceful journalism. Explanations of his trouble began to be put about, and since his death, fifteen years ago, they have been given us more confidently; the problem remains.

* * *

It was said of Reynolds, the friend of Keats, the brother-in-law of Hood, that he might have had fame but lacked the heart for it. Something of the same sort might be said of Lang, if allowance be made for one exceptional period in his life. There was a time when Lang braced himself to an enterprise of high ambition. After the pleasant sensation of celebrity as the writer of 'Ballads in Blue China,' a book extremely fortunate in the hour of its appearance, Lang, still comfortably on this side of forty, gave himself up to the writing of 'Helen of Troy,' which was to have put him but little below the illustrious poets of the age. All that dexterity and taste could do was done in that poem; what it lacked, fatally, was a pungent personal quality. The coolness with which it was received quenched hope in him. For the rest of his life, when he wrote serious verse, it was with a kind of deprecating gesture, as of one who should say, "Well, even an entertainer must be allowed his moods of regret and yearning, which, after all, are only moods."

* * *

The real lack in Lang was not in the poetical faculty. He had more than adroitness, taste, reading; he had feeling and imagination. But he had, as most poets have had, only oftener and without their ability to triumph over it in at least the hours of composition, the dread of making himself a motley to the view. He never could be sure that the mere fact of his having seen or felt a thing just so was adequate justification. He had none of the pride with which Rousseau, speaking for all egoists, said, "If I am not better than other men, at least I am different." Very likely circumstances intensified his fear. With us British, only the aristocrat and the peasant are unperturbed by the thought: "I am making an ass of myself"; and Lang spent his life among people who disliked scenes. Then he had been subjected to academic influences. And he was already before the public as a writer not entirely in earnest. But the fear of his own odder perceptions and emotions must have been profound in Lang from the first.

* * *

What consequences it had in Lang's poetry has been very acutely suggested by Sir Edmund Gosse in a comparison between 'Helen of Troy' and the 'Eros and Psyche' of Mr. Robert Bridges. Despite the differences which diversity of theme causes, the two are in many respects very similar. Each is, in an honourable sense, a piece of task-work, of very congenial task-work, to be sure, but produced with scholarly ambition rather than under the vehement urging of impulse. For myself, I would give up 'Eros and Psyche' cheerfully for almost any two of the 'Shorter Poems.' But with Mr. Bridges there is everywhere in the long poem a resolute and delicate care for truth to his sense of things, and with Lang there is almost everywhere a shrinking from the exact notation of his experience. 'Helen of Troy' becomes vague, seems to have been written out of a memory of what accepted poets have said on such themes.

* * *

The old charge that Lang missed his due position through versatility is simply stupid. If he was very various, it was not out of vanity or for wages, but because it was natural to him to be interested in a great variety of things and because his style was flexible enough to deal with all of them. His range of interests is well illustrated by his admirable translations, which, however, hardly exhibit, as regards verse, so much variety of manner as was needed. Lang, naturally enough in a man of his generation, was rather apt to reproduce both a piece out of the Greek anthology and a ballade by Villon in the same semi-Rossettian vocabulary. But the reputation of his prose contributions to the Butcher, Leaf and Lang Homer wears well, and the Theocritus seems to be as highly esteemed now as when it was first published.

* * *

With all his scholarship, Lang was careless. His last book contained censure of Pope for rhyming words ending in "ault" with words ending in "aught," censure written in forgetfulness of eighteenth century pronunciation; and it may be that in folklore and history he made slips more serious than those which disfigure his literary criticism. Nevertheless, he was the Admirable Crichton of literary journalism.

STET.

REVIEWS

LITERATURE, ETC.

By Edward Shanks

Essays on Literature, History, Politics, etc. By Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
Charles M. Doughty. By Barker Fairley. Cape. 9s.

MR. WOOLF might, I think, have spared his title one of its categories. 'History, Politics, etc.' would have done, the "etc." covering literature quite comfortably. For he has no great interest in pure literature as such: it is for him only a means of exchanging ideas about the relations of human beings with one another. He does, indeed, deliver judgments here and there on points of literature, and I am far from saying that he is insensitive to it. He remarks, for example, somewhere in this book that Mr. E. M. Forster writes well, and it requires an eye and an ear to perceive that Mr. Forster really does write well under the superficial "sloppiness" of his ordinary handling of words. But he can write about Ben Jonson and leave out, not merely in statement but in all implication also, one whole side of him, the song-writing side. He oddly remarks that "it is strange that Ben Jonson has died as a writer while living on as a personage." But he means that the part of Jonson's work which interests him, the comedy as a medium for the exchange of ideas about people, is in a manner dead—though here, I think, he exaggerates. And when, in 'The Modern Nightingale'—an essay full of interesting points—he attempts to deal with the essentials of poetry itself, he is out of his depth after the first paragraph and flounders to the end. Only by a lack of real interest in the subject can we explain his failure to maintain a connected argument throughout: slackness of reasoning is not one of his most noticeable characteristics.

A similar limitation is to be seen when, as rarely, he attempts to put down his own impressions of the world at large. He finds a dying bird in winter on the Sussex downs and he is moved to write:

> In England, even upon the bleakest downlands, it is a rare thing to find a wild animal dying of what the coroner calls "natural causes." That is because in this country we have succeeded so amazingly in taming Nature that she hides entirely from us her ruthless ferocity, her dark and gloomy ways. To the Englishman Nature is a thing of spring, of lambs gambolling in snakeless meadows, of wild flowers, and the song of larks.

I cannot conceive what is to be made of that passage; it seems to me to be simply an impression of something which is not there. I know that stretch of the Downs as well as Mr. Woolf does and it has never seemed to me that the presence of death in nature is concealed from the casual passer-by. As, for example, an overcrowded rabbit-warren, stricken with disease from overcrowding and the poor silly animals dying in their burrows amid stenches and miseries, just like human beings. Or a massacre, effectively but clumsily carried out, of those harmless, amusing and rather endearing beasts, the badgers. Not "natural causes," to be sure, but still the oppression of one animal by a larger and deadlier. Mr. Woolf's second sentence suggests a world so well policed that dying animals are warned off the public thoroughfares; but the Sussex constabulary is in fact engaged upon other things. Or rather, the whole passage suggests Mr. Woolf eager to get down off the hillside and back into his own house in the valley, where he can let his agile mind play on the antics of, say, that strange and malignant, but profoundly interesting person, M. Poincaré.

It is when he is considering such matters that he is really at his best. His essays on 'Statesmen and Diplomatists,' 'The Two Kings of Jerusalem,' and 'Please, Sir, it was the other Fellow,' are admirable pieces of work. His mind warms to the intricacies of foreign politics as the mind of another man might warm—and as his does not—to the exquisite art of Ben Jonson's songs. One might say that he respects poetry but is not moved by it: he does not respect the absurd apparatus of diplomacy but it does move him. It is a fact of the sort that he finds instructive and appealing: it affects the course of events and it illustrates the forms men have devised for dealing with one another. And, stirred by this enthusiasm, he positively succeeds in making interesting a discussion of the various theories as to responsibility for the war.

When one comes to such a book as Mr. Fairley's study of Doughty, which is all about literature, one is inclined to turn round and call for Mr. Woolf and his entertaining and comprehensible diplomats. They are, at any rate, definite subjects for writing: they permit the critic to discover and to say what he means about them. Mr. Fairley may have discovered, he does not by any means invariably succeed in saying, what he means about Doughty's poetry. As for example:

> It was his clear purpose to make the coming into existence of the English spirit supply the underlying movement of the poem, and how was this possible if the tale were told in a style which, by obvious association, flooded the mind with the English spirit, whether the poem called for it or not? If that spirit appeared fully blown in the opening lines, then the poem had ended before it had well begun, and Doughty's great idea, one of the greatest that ever fell into the lap of an English poet, was reduced to a sentimental fallacy. Doughty had no choice but to write in an utterly radical style, and he was not the man to shirk a necessity.

As an explanation of Doughty's style, which certainly requires explanation, that seems to me to be as nearly meaningless as doesn't matter.

Nevertheless, this book, unsatisfactory as it is, is a useful one. Let us not disguise from ourselves the facts that Doughty is a difficult and, on the surface, to most people, a repellent poet. It may be that an artistic necessity obliged him to adopt the manner he did. One can, indeed, hardly imagine 'The Dawn in Britain' or 'Mansoul' written otherwise. But if so, it was an artistic necessity that condemned a great poet, meant by nature to be widely effective, to be the darling of a few readers, like any writer of exquisite and remote sonnets. And not even all of the few who might appreciate him ever do so. Mr. Fairley speaks of 'The Dawn in Britain' as a mountain range; and the approach is so thorny and steep that often, when one has climbed to the top of the mountain, one is too weary to enjoy the view. The mind, fatigued and bewildered by the wayside difficulties, is unable to take in the general sweep of the country and is too often pleased or displeased by what are relatively trivial things.

Mr. Fairley is at any rate a guide who knows the easiest path to the summit, though his remarks by the way are not always apposite or illuminating. As I have said, his explanations of Doughty's peculiar style leave me quite ignorant of what he means and rather doubtful whether he knows himself. But his exposition of the form of 'The Dawn in Britain' and the other poems does provide a useful bird's-eye view of the whole territory and his excellently chosen quotations may lead a number of readers to further exploration.

A DIARY OF OLD FLORENCE.

A Florentine Diary, 1450 to 1516. By Luca Landucci. Translated by A. de R. Jervis. Dent. 7s. 6d.

IN the first modern edition, published in 1882, of this diary of a Florentine chemist, the learned Italian editor, Del Badia, quoted a very apposite remark of Macchiavelli's: "If there is anything which

pleases and instructs us in history, it is that which is described in detail." That may seem a hard saying to the modern reader, accustomed to "character sketches" and rather slap-dash "summaries"; but it is none the less true. It is, indeed, the whole reason for the popularity of contemporary writings such as this, and an ample justification for translating them into English.

Messer Luca Landucci ran a chemist's shop, just at the corner where the two streets of the Vigna Nuova and the Spada join the Tornabuoni. He was also a considerable landowner—a combination of functions peculiarly Florentine. His diary opens in the year 1450, but it is believed that he did not begin writing it down until 1500—the year in which that other great Florentine memoir-writer, Benvenuto Cellini, was born. Except for the coincidence of date, these fellow townsmen have singularly little in common. Benvenuto was a picturesque liar, Landucci painstakingly accurate. Benvenuto thought of Florence, and the whole world, merely as a background for his own exploits; Landucci was so impersonal that even when his house was burnt down, with most of his personal effects, he recorded it briefly in his journal, as an event of the day.

Only in one connexion does Landucci's diary break out into what may be called purple patches. He was an ardent, even fanatical supporter of Savonarola. When the hostile mob came to drag the Friar off to prison, Landucci was actually in San Marco (how hard it is to think of riot and bloodshed within those peaceful walls), and barely escaped with his life by dodging out through the cloisters. He had believed Savonarola to be a prophet, inspired by visions from God, and though his faith was shaken by the Friar's confessions under torture and his failure to face the ordeal by fire, Landucci always looked back regretfully to those days of religious fervour when the citizens carried crosses in the streets of Florence, when the Signoria themselves went in procession to San Marco to kiss the great preacher's hands, when the youth of the city were so militantly pious that it was hardly safe to be known as a gambler or swearer of oaths, when even the boys—"note this wonder," he exclaims—"could not be kept in bed in the morning, but all ran to church before their mothers." But after that ghastly execution in the Piazza came the inevitable reaction. One month later our diarist records a whole series of street-fights and murders:

> The cause of all this was that everyone had been indulging in a vicious life. At night-time one saw halberds or naked swords all over the city, and men gambling by candlelight in the *Mercato Nuovo*, and everywhere without shame. Hell seemed open; and woe to him who should try to reprove vice!

Naked swords and candlelight!—it was, at any rate, a more picturesque hell than our modern versions. But a law-abiding chemist could hardly be expected to enjoy it. Here is a typical day in the life of a Florentine shop-keeper, summarized from an entry in Landucci's diary, dated May 18, 1501. Comparatively early, perhaps, about midday, when business would be in full swing, the clash of swords is heard in the Piazza de' Signori; there are shouts and cries, and a man, "with his face covered with blood," comes running down the street, flying from the city guard who are trying to arrest him. Every tradesman hastens to close his shutters. Later in the day, when the shops have reopened, a typical faction fight breaks out. "One of the de' Baroncelli struck one of the de' Campi on the head with a dagger, cutting off one of his ears and a piece of his head." Again the shops are shut. Towards evening there was yet another alarm. This time, as it turned out, "There was no reason for the tumult," but "the city was excited." It sounds bad for trade; but we know, as a fact, that Florentine tradesmen were doing very well indeed in the year of grace 1501.

Landucci was a man of peace. Even more than his contemporary diarist, Cambi, he abhorred both politics and soldiers. The French allies of Florence, who were frequently billeted in the town, are "barbarians," "these brutal and crazy Frenchmen." But the Italian mercenaries employed by Florence behaved just as badly; and, when it comes to fighting, "we require to be taught by the northern soldier how to make war." But however amiable, pious and peace-loving, he seems to have shared in that cruel indifference to human suffering so characteristic of his country and age. He records with evident disapproval such incidents as the treatment of the corpse of de' Pazzi, the conspirator, which was dragged through the streets by the boys of Florence and tied finally to his own front door, with mocking cries of "knock!"; or the baiting of an unfortunate horse, which was driven up and down the aisles in the church of S. Maria del Fiore, in the middle of Christmas Day mass, till it died from sword wounds on the steps outside. But it is the indecency and disorderliness of these proceedings that disgusts him, rather than the cruelty. And the same applies to the most horrible scene in the whole diary: a description of the torturing of two murderers as they were being driven in a cart to their execution. Just outside Landucci's shop, the brazier for the hot irons burned low; so the cart was stopped and the executioner got down and ran to a charcoal-burner's to re-heat them, the official in charge shouting after him repeatedly to "make it red-hot." "And all the people were desirous that they should be tortured without pity; the very boys were ready to assist the executioner if he did not do his work well."

Yet, like every man of his time, Landucci is always ready with the accusation of cruelty against his country's enemies. The very next entry after that just quoted, records a rumour that two soldiers had been killed in Pisa, by being thrown from the windows of the Signori. Upon which our good Landucci comments: "They [the Pisans] were always cruel men."

BARON WRANGEL LOOKS BACK

The Memoirs of Baron N. Wrangel, 1847-1920. Benn. 15s.

A GREY-HAIRED old man of over seventy, disillusioned, broken in fortune, whiling away the tedium of an undeserved exile in Finland, where "the hours seemed like centuries" and the news from the front (where his famous soldier son was leading a "White" army) grew gloomier every day—those are the circumstances in which the late Baron N. Wrangel sat down to write his memoirs. They are not promising. One expects a dismal, halting narrative, varied, perhaps, by an occasional angry diatribe, moving tediously onward to the moment when the tired old fingers can hold the pen no more. What we get is a story full of vigour and humour, lively and dashing in its style, decisive in its judgments, often bitter but never without wit. The admirable courage with which the White Russian *emigrés* have faced adversity has become a sort of tradition in post-war Europe—a fact so obvious that we have almost ceased to be surprised at it. But the grit and gaiety of this particular old aristocrat, as displayed in his memoirs, are quite extraordinary.

Yet nothing that he says reflects any credit on the *ancien régime;* for the *ancien régime* rejected him, and he himself despised it only less than he despised Kerensky and the Bolsheviks. As a young man he tried successively the Civil Service, the Diplomatic Service and the Army, and gave each of them up in disgust. Then he went into business and art-collecting, and made his fortune. It is highly significant that so able and public-spirited a man could find no better

means of serving his country. Baron Wrangel was brought up on his father's estate in the country, in the years before the emancipation of the serfs. He has some amazing stories to tell of those bad days. One neighbouring baron used to make his serfs pose motionless for hours on pedestals in his gardens—men and women stripped naked and painted white to resemble statues. His death was as fantastic as his mode of life:

> One day when he was strolling past a group representing Hercules and Venus, the two statues jumped down from their pedestal; Venus threw sand in his eyes, and Hercules broke his neck with his club. They were tried and condemned to the knout. Venus died under it and Hercules was sent to Siberia.

Young Wrangel hated the whole system, and finally broke with his father over it. The Russian countryside in those days, he says, was "a stagnant morass," and so dismisses the subject, for "to talk of a stagnant morass cannot be interesting to anyone except to the frogs that live in it." But each succeeding reform was introduced so suddenly and clumsily, and with so little thought for the future, that the cure was almost worse than the disease. The first Duma was "more like an anthropological museum than a parliament." He castigates Kerensky with savage irony. And the "glorious revolution," when it came, was simply an ugly farce:

> The word revolution implies a struggle; but to have a struggle there must be somebody to struggle against. This essential factor was lacking; there was no enemy . . . for everyone was an enemy of the existing régime. Victims there certainly were in plenty, but no conquered, for nobody offered any defence. . . . It was a monstrosity born of stupidity and chance. And it ended, as it was bound to end, in a general mess-up.

And with that epitaph upon his unhappy country we may leave him. Apparently he did not live to see the collapse of the last "White" army in the field.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF ARCHERY

Three Plays by William Archer. With a Foreword by Bernard Shaw. Constable. 10s.

THE more important section of this book is the opening, since Mr. Shaw employs his well-known prefatorial style in the service of friendly interpretation. The result is a masterly analysis of psychological repression. Archer inherited independence, for his parents on both sides came of strait sects, the Glasites and the Walkerites. They rejected priests and he the gospels.

Brought up in a dour Puritanism and Conservatism, he moved quietly into scepticism and Radicalism. His parents kept their heaven to themselves and he his scorn of it. Being kindly as well as quiet, he made no dramatic rebellions and he hurt nobody's feelings, because he exercised a rigid discipline upon his own. But the process moulded him in a reserve which was easily misunderstood. Mr. Shaw maintains that he had an unexpected capacity for laughing and a deep sensibility to emotion. Both these points are proved so far as anecdotes can prove them. In any case Archer's reaction to 'Brant' and 'Peer Gynt' proved his tangibility by the imagination of another. It is surprising, however, to hear from Mr. Shaw that Archer cared little for Ibsen's social criticism and hardly bothered to understand it. Archer, as his play about George Washington shows, could apply the principles of Separatism which he had imbibed as essential Christianity. Ibsen's gospel of social self-maintenance must surely have attracted the individualist that Archer was by training and conviction.

Archer's passion for the drama deserves an analysis. It was partly, perhaps, a revolt from Puritanism. For those who have been bored by too much Bible in childhood, the discovery of Shakespeare in adolescence may be a drastic intoxicant. But there was a curious æsthetic principle at work as well. His was an appetite for form and the formal cut, which made the well-made play a tit-bit for the critic to feed upon. Archer was fascinated by dramatic technique; he wrote a manual of instruction thereon, and he added practice to theory when he turned out that shapely and competent melodrama, 'The Green Goddess.' In the present volume two plays of his are included which are experiments in technique of the conventional kind. When preparing some lectures on the minor Elizabethans his sense of artistic propriety was offended by their incompetence in construction and he therefore composed two dramas on typical themes of the time as a kind of belated rebuke. Disclaiming poetry, he wrote in stiff blank verse which makes heavy reading. He would gladly admit that even a Middleton, a Massinger, or a Rowley could sing where he could only croak, but he insisted that he could show them a thing or two about the concentration of a tortuous plot. And so indeed he could, but one is left wondering whether the point was worth proving.

His chronicle-play about George and Martha Washington is straightforward and efficient; the advocacy of Independence was obviously a gratifying subject to one who had lived in Glas houses, and American patriots will welcome the play for what it explicitly says about King George III, while we may study it for what it says more implicitly about William Archer. In any case the forty pages of Mr. Shaw's introduction constitute a personal survey of a personal friend, composed by a brilliant mind with exceptional chances of observation. The friendship of the two was a remarkable unity of opposites and had all the strength of fundamental disagreements. Nobody can fitly write about a man so repressed as Archer save one who knew him by the fireside as well as in the foyer. Mr. Shaw had all the qualifications and the opportunities to bring the essential Archer out from his curtains of inhibition and reserve, and Archer has thus become the fortunate subject of as fine a piece of writing as our age could give him.

CAVOUR

Cavour. By Maurice Paléologue. Benn. 16s.

"IN the supreme hierarchy of statesmen none transcends him." This is the concluding judgment in the brilliant biographical sketch of the architect of Italian unity which we owe to the former French Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. The special quality which distinguished Cavour from the other Italian statesmen was the intensely practical genius which enabled him to combine generally incompatible faculties—daring and prudence, calculation and intuition, impetuosity and charm. Unhampered by principles or scruples, and impelled by motives of personal ambition (as he confessed in the days of his greatness), the conception of Italian unity was first suggested to him by the railway problem. What the longing and eloquence of innumerable dreamers and patriots from the time of Dante and Petrarch had failed to achieve was ultimately brought about by a disciple of Peel, equally inspired by the possibilities of economic development and political and moral regeneration. In November, 1845, a financial syndicate received powers to connect Genoa and Turin by building the first railway on Piedmontese territory. Cavour took a keen interest in it, became one of the chief shareholders, and was soon inspired with the vision of an Italy united by a great network of railways which should bring prosperity and national unity and independence. Till his death in 1861 this idea was the dominating force in his life.

The infinite dexterity and astuteness of Cavour are well exhibited by M. Paléologue. Less scrupulous

than the Conservatives and hostile to democracy he yet quickly succeeded in becoming successively Minister of Commerce and Minister of Finance. At first he devoted himself to fiscal reforms. "The political regeneration of a nation," he said, "is never separate from its economic regeneration." By clever manœuvres he succeeded in obtaining the leadership of the most powerful party in Parliament and in making the Italian question a European question. The introduction of a Conspiracy Bill in 1858, after Orsini's crime, which so terrified Napoleon III, called down upon Cavour an angry denunciation in a letter from Mazzini. "I have long known you," he writes, "more solicitous for the Piedmontese monarchy than for our common country," and he concludes with the accusation that Cavour was "the useless and deceitful defender of Italy." When the French Government said that if Sardinia took possession of Central Italy France must have Savoy, Cavour replied: "We feel too deeply what Italy owes to the Emperor, not to consider most earnestly a demand which is founded on the principle of respect for the wishes of the people." He sought compensation in the south, and the way in which he turned Garibaldi's exploits to his own ends has been termed a triumph of unscrupulous statesmanship. The party which first used Garibaldi wanted a Republican Italy, and France contemplated a Federal solution. What Garibaldi had done for the sake of a republic Cavour utilized for monarchy and unity. His method was the invasion of Rome and Naples in defiance of the protests of the Powers. In this way the great monarchical revolutionist made himself master of Italy and able to achieve his purpose.

LECTURES ON SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT

Science and Human Progress. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Halley Stewart Lectures, 1926. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

FOR the majority of readers the appeal of these half-dozen lectures—the first, incidentally, to be delivered under a scheme for "Research for the Christian Ideal in all Social Life," initiated and endowed by Mr. Halley Stewart in 1924—will undoubtedly lie in their clear and simply phrased exposition of the more fundamental changes in modern scientific thought. Their author admittedly has striven for breadth rather than depth, a small mercy for which many a layman, for whom the profundities of science must of necessity remain impenetrable, will be duly thankful. It is a wide subject, and touches at many points upon recent discoveries in both physics and psychology, and upon the problems of relationships between time and space, matter and energy, mind and brain, life and death, etc., yet it is less with these than with what he conceives to be the attitude of the modern scientist that Sir Oliver is really concerned.

There have been, he declares, three stages in scientific history: first, a period of "Aristotelian Fundamentalism" during which even to question accepted ideas was heresy; second, that of Newtonian "orthodoxy, ecclesiasticism, and established doctrine"; and third, "an era of emancipation, freedom, development, an attempt to restore fluidity." To-day "new ideas are everywhere dominant." All things are doubted, or at any rate tested; in every field startling suggestions are encountered. "The discovery that matter is a form of energy is a revolutionary discovery, perhaps even yet not fully made, but in the act of being made: and we must keep our eyes open for other fundamental and revolutionary discoveries."

What might fairly be objected is that there is a tendency in some cases to open the eyes too wide, to take everything in, even what is not certainly there. Faith should not be allowed to run ahead of proof. Sir Oliver roundly declares his belief in a design and purpose in the universe "aiming at the development of man," in the existence of mind as something apart from and independent of brain and body, and in the certain survival of the personality after death. Of the last he alleges absolute knowledge, though he provides no evidence in these pages. Yet none of these three is by any means generally accepted.

Admirably as they are written, these lectures are more convincing as a plea for sympathetic consideration than as a statement of proven facts.

OUR FORERUNNERS

Prehistoric Man. By Keith Henderson. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THIS is one of the Simple Guide Series which claims to reveal to the eager student those simplest details upon a true understanding of which all knowledge depends. It is clear at the outset that such a guide should contain all the essential facts; if it contains more they should at least have some bearing on the subject. If speculations are admitted, as they may properly be where the youthful mind might deem the mere record of facts too arid for consumption, the theories must be such as will commend themselves as probable. The distribution of physical types and material culture should be made clear by maps, and illustrated by readily comprehensible illustrations which not even the youngest can fail to understand. The characteristics of each area and of each period must be summed up at intervals and the whole reproduced in tabular form for ready reference.

The author has written an interesting work, well suited from one point of view to the needs of scholars in the middle forms of secondary schools; but essential data are omitted, the illustrations are poor, distribution maps have apparently not come within the ken of the author, and the only table is, from the archæological side, merely a list of names. Far too little attention is given to the question of technique; for it is quite probable that someone may like to know how flints were chipped.

As an example of unsatisfactory work may be cited the treatment of the Eolithic period. We learn from a table at the beginning of the book that man appears first in the Pleistocene; before him were creatures more and more like man but not real men; from the second part of the same table we learn that the Palæolithic period began with the Chellean Age. But some thirty pages later we read of Piltdown man, and he precedes, possibly by scores of thousands of years, the Chellean Age. Piltdown man used flints, we are told, which are called eoliths, but nothing is said as to the distinction between eoliths and palæoliths nor yet as to the distribution in space and time of eoliths or supposed eoliths. This is starving the student.

It is of course impossible to say exactly at what point man began his career, but it is a question that cannot be debated, as Mr. Henderson debates it, solely on the basis of bodily characteristics; surely a being that has reached the stage of tool-making may be termed human; if that is so we must, if eoliths are artefacts, be prepared to speak of Oligocene man; Tertiary man has at any rate been recognized by competent judges for a good many years.

Errors of judgment are comparatively venial; blunders in matters of fact are less pardonable. Mr. Henderson gives a long list of the more important Bronze Age hill villages and names seven sites in Shropshire. Up to the present no Bronze Age village of any sort has been identified in Shropshire; no bronze object has ever been found in Old Oswestry, which is named among the hill villages but is in reality more probably an enormous camp of refuge, possibly as late as Roman times. Unless the author

has some private and exclusive information his statements are entirely misleading.

The general impression left by this work is rather indefinite. If he had omitted some of his own speculations, verified his statements, and summed up at the end of the various periods, Mr. Henderson would have helped his readers and reached a wider public.

THE ENJOYMENT OF BEING ERNEST

Practically True. By Ernest Thesiger. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

PURISTS may shudder at Mr. Thesiger's use of the word "practically," as a synonym for "almost," but they must otherwise admit that he has added writing to the arts of music, acting, drawing, conversation, and sewing, in which he is known to excel. He can be reminiscent with point and brevity and is a charming guide to that borderland where Mayfair marches with Bohemia. The territory has been a rich pasture for bores and snobs in its time, but Mr. Thesiger avoids the familiar knowingness and expansive vulgarity of the ordinary tattler. He has standards which they have not, and he neither makes the conventional bow nor throws the conventional brick.

As an author he stands in an original and diverting position. He is probably the only Old Marlburian who makes a hobby of fine needlework. Pupils of the Slade, like privates in the army, have gone everywhere and done everything, so that as apprentice to palette and pack Mr. Thesiger cannot claim the exceptional stance. But few other actors, we believe, have told an H.R.H. not to behave like a third-rate actress, though many, if they had done it, might have been thanked, as he was, for speaking what was in his mind. Mr. Thesiger has carried banners for the Suffrage, lunched with almost everybody, sustained the enormous run of ' A Little Bit of Fluff,' sat for Sargent, suffered boredom under the company of Mr. Henry James, and advised Mr. Hugh Walpole to wear sock-suspenders. On the whole, he seems to have enjoyed most of it, with the exception of Mr. James, who " would tell the simplest story (usually one which all the company had heard before) in the most precious language, as if he were writing one of his books." He makes both his enjoyment and his lack of it communicable.

In this book acting appears more as a side-line than a profession, but whenever Mr. Thesiger writes of it he is interesting. Of all dramatists for whom he has worked he finds Mr. Shaw the most helpful and Mr. Galsworthy the most difficult. He adds:

> It is surprising to me how much some of our greatest actresses owe to their producers—more so, perhaps, than actors. Seeing such brilliant artists as Irene Vanbrugh, Sybil Thorndike, or Marie Tempest from the stalls, I should never have thought that they had anything to learn, but when I worked with them I was amazed to find how much they owed to their husbands, and when, during my first engagement, I found George Alexander teaching Miss Vanbrugh how to say a line I was completely taken aback, for of the two she was much the greater artist.

This, again, is good dramatic criticism:

> Sincerity is not necessary on the stage, but *apparent* sincerity is essential. The art of acting is to have felt an emotion and to be able to remember what it felt like to feel it, but it is important to reconstruct the symptom of the emotion and not the emotion itself. Otherwise the actor is inclined to be carried away by his own feelings and is thus handicapped when trying to represent them.

It is not often that an actor can write about acting. The mighty ones, on taking pen, usually maunder tediously around the first half-crown and present themselves in romantic poses. Mr. Thesiger can look into his art as well as round it. He can also gossip without ceasing to be a gentleman. He has had luck in his company and worked for his position on the stage. He enjoys the panorama and records his pleasure. He is in many ways remarkable. Has he not walked with princes and kept the uncommon touch?

MEDICINE AND THE STATE

Interpreters of Nature. By Sir George Newman, K.C.B. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH few would guess from its title that it is a series of essays and addresses on the progress of medicine, ' Interpreters of Nature ' is by no means to be avoided on that account. Even when his audience is a purely medical one Sir George Newman writes so well, and presents his topic so clearly that the layman should never feel out of his depth. Primarily he is concerned with the personal contribution of a succession of outstanding figures—Sydenham, Boerhaave, Hunter, Keats (the influence of whose medical training on his poetry is discussed with an uncommon grasp of both) Pasteur and Sir William Osler. But in a summary review one cannot deal with everything, and (though a minor part of his book) the author's outspoken comments upon public health administration carry such weight, coming from a high official of the Ministry of Health, that they deserve to be quoted at some length:

> There is confusion in areas and authorities, but there is no less confusion in the family. There are four local authorities concerned with maternity and infancy; three with children of school age; five authorities deal with persons of unsound mind or mental deficiency; four authorities are concerned with " sick persons "; three with the aged poor; and four with the able-bodied poor. It is all anomalous, extravagant, and redundant, with a result which is relatively ineffective and financially wasteful.
>
> . . . In the smaller bodies there is all too often incompetency both of personnel and officers, combined with inadequacy of remuneration of the officers; there is duplication of officers and institutions leading to extravagances, waste and confusion; local and personal considerations predominate, with the result that self-interest is cultivated, vested interest created, and public interest neglected: and there is lack of uniformity and equality in the administration of sanitary law common to the whole State. Yet epidemic disease is not confined by parochial boundaries, e.g., it is impossible to grapple with smallpox or typhoid fever if one small area differs from another in the practice or neglect of essential methods. Water-supply, sewerage, river pollution, and hospital provision must also be dealt with on a general, and not a particular, scale. It is true, of course, that these features are characteristic of some of the smaller authorities only, but these smaller authorities are upwards of 1,000 in number, and their disabilities are injuriously affecting the entire public health service of the nation. . . . Maternity, infancy, the schoolchild, the worker, the insured person; poverty, sickness, and old age: and all through life the essentials of a healthy environment—these things are now all separately provided for. But there are three significant defects. First, the provision made is as yet incomplete and inadequate: secondly, no effective organization exists for children between infancy and school age, or for adolescents from 14 to 16 years of age (between the end of school life and the beginning of insurance); and thirdly, though we have six public medical services, there is not a sanitary area in the country in which we are at present getting full inter-co-ordination or even uniformity of administration.

This is plain speaking, and we hope it will not fall on deaf ears. It draws attention to the simple truth that there is little prospect of becoming an A1 nation with a C_3 public health organization. The future student of society will be baffled or amused by an age when economy is on every politician's lips and the administration of the State is being gravely hampered by a not only unnecessary but positively vicious reduplication of authorities. It is not economy to whittle down the estimates a few thousand by abolishing a minor department of State or reducing the efficiency of the Territorials fifty per cent.; but what excuse can be found for neglecting the urgently needed reorganization of local government at a time when the rates and taxes devoured by these redundant and wasteful services are a serious threat to our position in the world? Central taxes may be substanti-

ally irreducible, but a beneficent effect on industry might as easily be secured by a drastic cut in local rates.

The solid value of this excellent book is marred by only this flaw: it contains several historical blunders. For instance, Roger Bacon was not a monk but a friar, like almost all his great contemporaries; to call him a monk is to obscure his position in the thirteenth-century renaissance, when the leadership had already passed from the monasteries for ever. We should consider the following sentence a misprint if its context did not confirm it:

> In the middle of the seventeenth century Westminster was almost a separate town from the City, under the sway of the Abbot rather than the Lord Mayor.

And it would be uncharitable to attribute the dating of the "evolution of the steam locomotive" at 1829 to anything but a misprint, so soon after the centenary celebration.

GERMANY AND EUROPE

The World Policy of Germany, 1890-1912. By Otto Hammann. Translated by Maude A. Huttman. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

FOR twenty-six years the author of this able survey of German foreign policy under Bismarck's successors served in the German Foreign Office as Chief of the Press Division. Chosen for that post by Bismarck's immediate successor in the Chancellorship, General Count Caprivi, on account of the tact he had displayed in his journalistic writings during the feud between Bismarck and the young Emperor, Hammann filled a difficult rôle with ability and distinction until he retired under the age limit in 1917. Throughout these years he had the opportunity of watching at close quarters the formulation and execution of German foreign policy, and also the foreign policies of the other European States in their reactions to that pursued by Germany. He was in daily association with the men who, for good or evil—to judge by the result their influence was chiefly maleficent—shaped the destinies of a great Empire through what, all unknown to them, was to prove the testing-period in its existence. Holstein, Bülow, Caprivi, Hohenlohe, Eulenberg, Kiderlen-Waechter, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Herbert Bismarck—he knew and judged them all with a rare detachment. When the disaster he had foreseen finally overwhelmed his country, Hammann devoted his well-earned leisure to writing in rapid succession a number of volumes of reminiscences of the men and events with which he had been brought into contact. If there is a criticism to be made of his writings, it is that he never makes clear the part he personally played in the events he narrates; and it is impossible not to believe that he played a very influential, and under Bülow possibly decisive, part in the determination of policy.

What, then, are the conclusions to which this student of diplomacy at first hand has come in regard to the policy pursued by Bismarck's successors? First and foremost that:

> William II, and Germany along with him, suffered shipwreck chiefly because this policy, to some extent following a zigzag route, took the wrong course. The misunderstandings and the mistakes are all traceable to the one fundamental defect which then for the first time made the policy dangerous. This was the mistake in the treatment of the Power on the Western flank. Germany's isolation among the World Powers, that ultimately led to the coalition of all the World Powers against her, would have been impossible if the grandson of William I and his counsellors had for years sought as earnestly for England's friendship as for that of Russia.

Why did the German nation tolerate so meekly their rulers' errors? With the exception of the outburst provoked by the *Daily Telegraph* incident in 1908, why was there no revolt against the Kaiser's manifestly injurious rule? The Socialist leader, Bebel, answered that question when he said to some delegates from Russia in the lobby of the Reichstag: "Our people are not sufficiently badly off; revolutions do not occur unless there is general distress." Under William II the German people experienced an unprecedented prosperity; it needed a world war to arouse them to a sense of their own responsibility for the catastrophe that had overwhelmed them. The book has been well translated, and forms an admirable introduction to the study of the origins of the world war.

NAPOLEON AND MARIE WALEWSKA

The Empress Might-Have-Been. By Octave Aubry. Translated by H. G. Dwight. Cape. 7s. 6d.

IT is hard for great men to escape from before the bar of history without having been convicted of at least one love affair. It is a charge that we seem particularly anxious to establish against them, if only to reassure ourselves that they are but human, after all. Nor are we satisfied with the discovery of a mere liaison, such as the gods themselves indulged in, on the principle that it is sweet to play the fool in season; we are anxious to convict our heroes of a weakness at least equal to our own. With some of them it is easy; but in the case of Napoleon I, an Italian cast in Roman mould, a man of destiny, or the greatest of all careerists—put it how you will—it seems unlikely on the face of it, that any love-affair can have been more than a passing phase to him. Yet, because he happened also to be Emperor of the French his love-affairs have been scrutinized with a feverish curiosity, and with a preconceived idea that they must have influenced his public actions.

Napoleon's general attitude towards women is sufficently indicated by his much-quoted answer to Madame de Staël, when she asked him his opinion as to who was the greatest woman that ever lived. "She who had the greatest number of children," he replied. And it was Madame de Staël, too, who said of him that he was incapable of giving or inspiring affection. That, no doubt, is putting it too high. He was passionately in love with Josephine—for a time—and he showed a deep and abiding affection for Marie Walewska, the gentle, wide-eyed little Polish woman, who is the heroine of this book. But to make any more of it, to suggest that he even allowed this sentiment to affect his policy, or that but for a trick of Fouché's he would have married Marie Walewska after the divorce of Josephine, the author of this book has had to play all sorts of tricks with history. The book, of course, is avowedly half fact, half fiction. It contains many pages of imaginary conversation and not a few imaginary events. The descriptive passages are strong, and will undoubtedly help the general reader to appreciate the "atmosphere" of that strange Court. Fouché is made the villain of the piece, and, though he did not commit all the crimes attributed to him here, they are well in character, and give the story a lively "plot." His implacable animosity against Josephine, for instance, is well brought out; and the Creole herself is dissected with real skill. But we remain entirely unconvinced in regard to the "might-have-been."

The translation is admirable, save for one rather glaring fault. American turns of speech should not have been put into the mouth of Napoleon. He is made to say: "Go riding with the Princess, or have her drive you to Boulogne." Again, he will "have the clergy of Paris declare the annulment of the marriage." Surely a writer of Mr. Dwight's obvious ability must have known that this particular phraseology is only in common use in his own section of the English-speaking world, and was therefore to be avoided here.

NEW FICTION

By T. Earle Welby

The Marionette. By Edwin Muir. Hogarth Press. 6s.
The Deep End. By Patrick Miller. Cape. 7s. 6d.
Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

MR. MUIR has done an exceedingly difficult thing with delicacy, sureness, insight. To say that his subject is the slow, hesitant development of the mind of a half-witted child, up to the point at which there is a final relapse, is to suggest that the story is morbid; but nowhere is it liable to an accusation of morbidity. Here, then, once more, is proof that the seemingly most painful and least significant of subjects can be so treated as to yield meaning and beauty. If there is anything to be said against the book it is, I think, that it is a critic's story, the work of a man who, discontented with the crudities of ordinary fiction, has been a little too anxious to avoid such matter as a vigorous creative mind would accept but transmute. It is, after all, for the miracle he works on a base metal that the alchemist is honoured, but writers like Mr. Muir would exercise themselves only on what is precious. Whether Mr. Muir can reconcile himself to the treatment of coarser substance remains to be discovered. He may remain a distinguished, tenuous writer, vigilant in rejection, or he may broaden into a very considerable novelist indeed. Meanwhile he has given a book that deserves to be called exquisite.

His Martin Scheffer, a widower, seeking distraction from grief in a scholar's labours, lives in a large, silent house on the Kapuziner Berg, with his feeble-minded only son, Hans. The child shrinks from everybody except one old servant; and the father, feeling from the beginning an antipathy towards him as the cause of the mother's death in childbed, and dejected by the discovery that Hans is not growing up normally, holds aloof from him. There comes the time when, shamed by the servant into producing a birthday gift, Martin gives Hans a doll. With that, and two others, Hans begins to exhibit a certain interest in life, and when he has a dolls' house also, there is vaguely aroused in him something like the average child's instinct for dramatization. From dolls to marionettes, and in the neighbourhood is a famous marionette theatre, is a natural but, as it proves, uneasy transition. Hans, so un-at-home in the world of human beings, is brought by his now eager father into relation with that other world in which wire-pulled puppets act out the passions decreed for them. An accident to one of the marionettes, the breaking of a limb of Gretchen at a performance of 'Faust,' throws the boy, as he has by this date become, into illness and confusion of thought. The mended Gretchen is restored to him, vainly; for, after a finely imagined scene in which he tortures that puppet as if he were testing her claim to be real, there is the final relapse into a contented semi-imbecility.

But what can such an outline tell anyone of Mr. Muir's book? Quotation, within the limits here imposed, would do little to convey a sense of the quality of the writing, which has charmed one reader less by isolated felicities than by the success with which it evenly maintains the atmosphere of the house and the twilight of Hans's mind. The incidents, none of them separately very striking, have been devised with something better than cunning. Take that passage in which Hans, dressed in the marionette costume his father has given him, studies the effect of dramatic gesture on himself:

> Generally Hans knew he was pretending, but when the change came the pretence passed instantaneously into an action outside himself. Looking at him fom the mirror was another Hans, who seemed to be trying by signs to show him something. This other Hans must live in another house, in a distant place. . . . Yet if he could reach it he knew that he himself would be this other Hans. . . . He never spoke to his father about the other house. But his knowledge that his father lived in it along with the other Hans gave him a secret affection for him which he kept to himself.

In that chapter, and in almost every other, the imagination of a poet who is also a psychologist is at work.

When Mr. Patrick Miller's previous book, 'The Natural Man,' a convincing study of how a certain type reacted to the war, appeared, it was plain that he had a future. 'The Deep End,' though it has not the advantage of so clear and persuasive a central idea, is no disappointment. Mr. Miller is faithful to his method of seeing all through the eyes of one character. His novel is the story of Hardy Stopford, an archæologist home after arduous and hampered work in the Near East, in search of fullness of life; the story of the fumblings of a perversely self-starved nature after the emotional experiences it needs. Stopford is of those who are at once driven towards a great passion and terrified of it. That such men, and, for that matter, such women, exist is beyond doubt. Indeed, it is they who, ardent and reluctant, have the profoundest experiences of passion. But fiction, on the whole, has tended to neglect them, and Mr. Miller, who would appear, from his previous and his present novel, to be peculiarly concerned with the problem of the adjustment of repressed natures to environment, is to be congratulated on a courageous choice of subject. The average novelist conceives of his passionate characters as instantly, automatically answering to attraction, with a facility that, true as it may be to the facts about certain natures, deprives them of significance. Mr. Miller who makes no display of psychology, knows better. He presents to us, with great, perhaps excessive care, the conflict between urgent desire and an inhibition the more disastrously effective for being irrational. Not scruple but some self-defeating instinct holds Stopford back from a relationship in which he would find peace and himself. It is with a certain impatience that one watches the advances and retreats of Stopford; but that, after all, is to the credit of his creator: given a less real character, there would be no disposition in the reader to curse his hesitations. But Mr. Miller has introduced a good deal of not very relevant matter into his novel. In 'The Natural Man' an elaborate background was necessary; here, Mr. Miller should have severely limited himself.

Miss Rosamond Lehmann is another writer who should study economy and simplicity. At the very beginning of her intelligent and sincere and moving book she introduces us to so many characters, and in so mechanical a way, that the brow furrows, but it is not long before the relations of those characters to her theme become perceptible. The family of young people next door, they are not really for the outsider, Judith, who breaks into their circle, who establishes intimacy with each of them, and in the end loses each. The isolation in which the individual must live, except in the supreme experience or illusion of love, that is what Miss Lehmann is concerned to convey to us, and once she has scrambled through her initial difficulties she shows a fine tact in developing her theme without over-labouring it. And the book closes well, at the moment when Judith becomes aware that her "past made one great circle, completed now and ready to be discarded." Judith is much more alive than the young men, and her college friendships with women are more surely presented than her reactions to Roddy and Martin and Julian; but one doubt insinuates itself even as Judith is accepted. Would the girl capable of such friendships with other girls be so responsive to men?

OTHER NOVELS

The Jury. By Eden Phillpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The contemporary novel possesses many admirable qualities, but novelty of theme can rarely be claimed for it. It is the more to Mr. Phillpotts's credit that he has succeeded in breaking completely away from the established conventions and provided his readers with a story which, so far at least as its treatment is concerned, is entirely new. Lady Heron had been charged with the murder of her husband. She is tried before the Redchester Assize Court, evidence is given, and the judge has summed up. The jury retire to consider the verdict. It is at this point that the story opens—and the remainder of it is merely a record of the jury's deliberations and of the means by which they arrived at a unanimous conclusion. To attempt to tell a murder story from the standpoint of the jury is a task calling for no small courage or skill. Mr. Phillpotts has carried it triumphantly through. Each member of the jury is clearly individualized, and the reader is somehow left with the impression that he has been personally present throughout the proceedings. Better novels Mr. Phillpotts may have written, but he has certainly written none so ingenious.

But Yesterday. By Maud Diver. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The influence of the dead over the living provides the theme of Mrs. Diver's new novel. Sir Henry Clive Arden, a politician of high rank, meets with his death as the result of a motor-car accident. Shortly afterwards the problem of writing his official biography arises. It is known that Arden was opposed to any such undertaking, but the determination of his mother, Lady Arden, to carry the project through induces three people to embark upon the atempt. The first is Arden's eldest son, Clive, who, in going through his father's papers, comes across a bundle of intimate letters from a woman, the contents of which have so disturbing an effect upon him that he decides to throw up the job. Further efforts in the same direction by two of Arden's friends and, lastly, by Lady Arden herself are similarly frustrated. In each case the explanation is seen to lie in the will of the dead man exerting itself through his living agents. The story is told with a quiet and forceful sincerity, and the writer has skilfully avoided that pitfall of sensationalism which lies in wait for those who elect to deal with such subjects.

SHORTER NOTICES

Francis Thompson, the Poet of Earth in Heaven. By R. L. Mégroz. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is, on the whole, an admirably sane and well-balanced appreciation of the poetry of Francis Thompson. Mr. Mégroz writes in a spirit of genuine and almost infectious enthusiasm for his subject, but at the same time he is quick to detect the weak spots (which are many) in his hero's armour. He is primarily interested in Thompson as a mystic, and of that aspect of the poet's work he has much that is of value to say. Particularly suggestive, too, are the chapters on Coventry Patmore, Crawshaw, Shelley, and Donne, in which Thompson's poetry is compared to and contrasted with that of his great forerunners. The volume, however, would have gained in emphasis had it been written in a simpler style. Thompson was always on the hunt for the word or phrase that should convey his precise meaning, and, as his meaning was rarely simple, so neither was the word chosen to express it. Hence his poetry abounds in such words as "inaureole," "coerule," "hieratic," "tenebrous," "labyrinthine," "deciduous," "ensepulture," and "englutting." Each of these words is used with deliberate intent, and each has its necessary place in the laboriously-woven tapestry of Thompson's art. But it should be possible to write *about* Thompson without having recourse to such expedients. Here, for instance, is a typical sentence of Mr. Mégroz, which may be cited as an example of the dyer's hand being subdued to that it works in:—"A subject like 'Eternal Damnation' evokes all the passion and poetry in Donne, and the prose passage following: 'That God should let my soul fall out of His hand into the bottomless pit,' is lurid with sombre fantasy, intricate with inwoven conceits, loud with organ-like contrapuntal music rolling thunderously from high to low, from low to high along the labyrinthine galleries of the soul." There is another way of saying all this if Mr. Mégroz had but known. As it stands, the sentence suggests that its writer has failed to appreciate the important distinction between poetry and pose.

The New Prayer Book. By F. H. J. Newton. Mowbray. 2s. 6d.

THE storm aroused by publication of the New Prayer Book shows no immediate sign of abating, and the fury of the disputants is frequently in inverse ratio to their acquaintance with the book's provisions. The Vicar of Rickmansworth has, in consequence, rendered a useful service in explaining and interpreting the proposals of the Bishops as presented to and accepted by both Houses of Convocation. He has little difficulty in demonstrating that the new Book contains nothing which need perturb Protestants and much that should conciliate Catholics. Mr. Newton himself belongs to that right wing of the Anglo-Catholic party which is disinclined to regard defiance of episcopal authority as being in itself a virtue. The book is calculated to serve a double purpose. First, it will provide controversialists with a basis for their arguments; and, secondly, it should prove a valuable corrective to that exaggerated individualism, which, masquerading on the one side as Catholicism and on the other side as Evangelicalism, is likely, if unchecked, to lead to the speedy disruption of the Church of England.

Delphos: the Future of International Language. By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

IF it be accepted as axiomatic that it is above all things desirable to "co-ordinate world activities," and "knit" all parts of the earth together by telephony and television, until finally we even learn how to "feel the touch of distant lands"; if the Tower of Babel was the real mother of war; if the revival of half-forgotten languages and nationalities which is now taking place is obviously bad, whereas the present tendency to substitute our Roman alphabet for the old German and Arabic characters, even on their native soil, is obviously good, as making for uniformity; and if trade and commerce really require to be still further speeded up and simplified in the interests of civilization—then the case in favour of an international language is a strong one. But an international language is not an easy thing to invent. From the time of Descartes onwards—since the decline of Latin, in fact—clever men have been busy with the subject. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst takes us rapidly through the list of their creations. She herself, apparently, inclines towards Peano's Interlingua, as the best of a rather unattractive lot. It is easier to read than Esperanto—in fact, quite uncannily easy—and it is not noticeably uglier. Euphony, of course, does not matter; the "purely euphonic" is contemptuously rejected by Miss Pankhurst; the only thing that really counts is intelligibility—that is what will bring "harmony" to the world, in the political if not in the musical sense. The principal difficulty, seldom touched upon by its

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supporters, is that an international language is liable to alter—to "grow," as Miss Pankhurst puts it—and thus to end by being spoken differently in different countries. It will not have behind it the steadying authority that medieval Latin had. And if that happens, of course, the last state of the parrot-house will be worse than the first.

The Conquest of Brazil. By Roy Nash. Cape. 18s.

IN spite of his title, Mr. Nash has little or nothing to say about the conquest of Brazil. In fact, he dismisses the matter in a few pages. His object was rather to make a survey of the land and its people, as they are to-day, and to offer some suggestions for the future. On the whole he is optimistic. Brazil's chief requirement is increased immigration. Although it has a population of thirty millions, about one-third of the country is still in a state of savagery. Even the Amazon can be conquered, Mr. Nash believes, if the right kind of immigrant is attracted and the authorities do not try to force the pace. Next in importance he places roads and education. More newspapers are wanted. How could it be expected, he exclaims, that Brazil, in 1822, should possess any real culture when there were only two newspapers? The remark is characteristic. Mr. Nash has written, as he says, entirely for an American public, and his book consequently has certain features—for instance, his pugnacious attitude on the negro question—which may puzzle English readers. But he has put a lot of work into it, and has filled it with information which should be useful to those who are interested in the future of this vast and potentially wealthy republic.

My Story. By La Belle Otero. Philpot. 15s.

THESE memoirs of this famous Spanish dancer are dangled before us in the introduction as "a blend of Casanova and a fairy tale," "not a book for the timid," and so forth. There is no real cause for alarm. Lovers there are, it is true, in plenty; duels, too, and suicides upon her staircase; unpleasant scenes at Monte Carlo, where this "pretty girl with the air of timidity"—so La Belle Otero describes herself—turned out to be almost as unlucky at play as she was at love; and a rough-and-tumble with a rival lady in the Palais de Crystal at Marseilles, when our heroine scored heavily with a garden chair. La Belle Otero dances in the snow in bare feet, she meets the ex-Kaiser (every writer of memoirs seems to have done that), and even manages, by mistake, to get into prison. Apparently we are expected to believe it all—except the extracts from her maid's diary, which are obviously fiction. But the whole story is told inoffensively—indeed almost casually. We are mildly interested; never horrified or thrilled. There is only one objectionable sentence in the book, and that occurs on the very last page. Not every writer of reminiscences can say as much.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

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AUTHORSHIP IN THE DAYS OF JOHNSON. By A. S. Collins. Holden. 30s.

THE MYSTERY AND LURE OF PERFUME. By C. J. S. Thompson. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.

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THE ÆSTHETES. By W. J. Turner. Wishart. 4s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH (1848-53). By David Alec Wilson. Kegan Paul. 15s.

The fourth instalment of the immense biography which Mr. Wilson is producing. It covers the period during which Carlyle, writing little besides the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' and the memoir of Sterling, was travelling in Ireland, France and Germany, and in close relation in London with Leigh Hunt, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

This volume and the same author's recently published 'Contemporary Russian Literature' constitute a complete history. The new volume carries the record down to 1881.

THE WOMEN OF THE MEDICI. By Yvonne Maguire. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Based on the extant correspondence of the women of the family.

TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH. Edited by F. Tennyson Jesse. Edinburgh: Hodge (Notable British Trials). 10s. 6d.

The evidence in this case was thoroughly examined by Mr. Duncan Smith in the 'Notable Scottish Trials' series. Miss Tennyson Jesse, therefore, has had little to do beyond writing her interesting Introduction.

DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By Catherine MacDonald Maclean. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

Since very little of merit has been written about Dorothy Wordsworth, this small book will be welcomed.

A FAMOUS INDIAN REGIMENT. By the late Colonel Sir Reginald Hennell. Prepared for Press by Mary C. Hennell. Murray. 12s.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER. By Andreas Bjerre. Translated from the Swedish by E. Classen. Longmans. 9s.

Essays based on investigations at the Central Prison, Stockholm. It is claimed that the author's methods may open up new possibilities of research.

A SHORT PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By G. J. Jordan. Cape. 3s. 6d.

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LITERARY NOTES

A COLLECTED edition of the Dartmoor novels of Mr. Eden Phillpotts is announced by Messrs. Macmillan. This, the 'Widecombe Edition,' will consist of twenty volumes, and will be limited to 1,500 copies of each volume. The initial volume, due in July, will contain an appreciation of Mr. Phillpotts as novelist by Mr. Arnold Bennett.

The Bodley Head is adding *Unknown Devon* to the series dealing with the less frequented portions of English counties. The letterpress is by Mr. L. du Garde Peach, the drawings are by Mr. Gyrth Russell.

*

Two interesting works of fiction are promised this month by a firm which has been wisely slow to put forth novels, Messrs. Gerald Howe. One is *The Door Unlatched*, by Miss Marie Cher, whose long essay, *Life in Still Life*, attracted considerable attention; the other is Mr. Conrad Aiken's *Blue Voyage*, the whole action of which takes place on a transatlantic liner.

*

A revised and enlarged edition of *Notes on the Science of Picture Making*, by Sir Charles Holmes, is announced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

*

Messrs. Mathews and Marot are to be congratulated on a decision to publish a selection from the poems of Lionel Johnson made "not to represent his Irish or his religious interests but his classical affinities." We have had enough of Lionel Johnson as the pet of two cliques, too little of him as a highly Latinate poet.

From the same publishers is due a reprint, in their 'Rescue Series,' of *The Bachelor of the Albany*, by that almost forgotten novelist, Marmion Savage. Mr. Bonamy Dobrée contributes an Introduction.

*

'The Kitbag Travel Books,' a new series announced by Messrs. Harrap is to make a beginning with *Ireland*, by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

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The Last of the Windjammers, by Captain Basil Lubbock, whose books on clippers and frigates are standard works, is announced by Messrs. Brown, Son and Ferguson, of Glasgow.

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Mr Murray announces *By the Clock of St. James*, by Mr. Percy Armytage, a volume of reminiscences of life at Court. From the same publishers is due *Asiatic Elements in Greek Civilization*, by Sir William Ramsay.

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Clash of Culture and Clash of Race is almost due from Messrs. Kegan Paul. In this work, Mr. Pitt-Rivers discusses race adaptation and extinction, variations in sex-ratio as a symptom of race decline, and culture extinction and social integration.

*

That the original manuscript of Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives Tale* is a remarkable piece of calligraphy has long been known to a few; Messrs. Benn are to bring it before the public in a facsimile reproduction in two volumes, limited to 500 copies, with a special note by the author. Another announcement from Messrs. Benn is that of Mr. Gerhardi's new novel, *Pretty Creatures*.

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been lent from various sources; and a discriminating taste has combined the curious with the beautiful to illustrate the growth of the technique from its origin to its full realization. It is a notable collection, if only for two prints of great rarity and the first importance—Ludwig van Siegen's 'Landgravine of Hesse' (68), 1642, and Prince Rupert's 'Great Executioner' (1), 1658, which has been lent by the King. The earlier plate, though usually considered the first mezzotint, is not strictly a mezzotint at all. It is worked from light to dark with a roulette; some acid is used in the accessories, but there is nothing one can certainly accept as a trace of the scraper nor, therefore, of a mezzotint ground. The plate is highly experimental and has the feeling of a mannered aberration from the ordinary path of engraving, parallel to the work of Leoni or Morin. It is as certain that there is some mezzotint proper in the plate of the 'Executioner.' It would seem that the scraper has been used in the small lights about the head: and the whole plate was then hatched over for toning with a roulette attached to a pole pivoted at some distance from the plate. But the greater part is worked from light to dark.

* * *

Almost as interesting from the same point of view is Blooteling's large 'Charles II' (19), 1680, by which time the dark-to-light technique of mezzotint had been established. Comparison of this work with a second and presumably earlier print by the same hand (No. 16) reveals the fruit of those technical innovations with which Blooteling is usually credited, and the breath of an advance towards closer grounding and greater depth and softness. The other examples of the art in infancy are as well selected. They are not on the whole beautiful; but vigour of drawing in some and the excellence of others in design go some way to condone coarse and immature craftsmanship.

* * *

And to enjoy mastery of the craft one has not far to go. Nothing can be finer than the broad treatment of the glittering satin and the firm drawing of the plume in MacArdell's 'Duchess of Ancaster' (4). John Jones's 'Mrs. Davenport' (30) is a wonderfully strong study in light tones, and easily surpasses Green's 'Ladies Waldegrave' (117). As fine, but in a different manner, is Thomas Watson's 'Warren Hastings' (59), of which there is a splendid first state. John Raphael Smith and Valentine Green share one-sixth of the space and challenge criticism by their numerical predominance. Of the two, Smith makes himself the more felt. He seems omnipresent; for he has—just to excess—the flash that attracts. Even in the 'Colonel Tarleton' (116), he is brilliant at the cost of repose; and the 'Promenade at Carlisle House' (93) is definitely weak in mass. Only the 'Archbishop Robinson' (101) is beyond question. With a touch of Smith's coarseness, Green would have avoided the boudoir scale of his 'Washington' (118) or his 'Lady Elizabeth Compton' (25). But the splendid tones and masculine touch of the 'Lady Betty Delmé and her Children' (31) are an adequate apology for his too frequent failing. At such an exhibition to see many works by one or two hands is in certain respects valuable, but necessarily there is compression elsewhere. It is a matter for regret that we see so little of MacArdell's generation, by which the art was brilliantly revived from mediocrity. Brooks, MacArdell's master, is not represented at all and, apart from considerations of history, deserves a better fate. Of MacArdell there are four plates, and two of Dixon's; but Fisher's 'Laurence Sterne' (113) and Houston's 'Harriet Powell' (91) only edge our appetite; both had gifts beyond a sober capacity. However, justice is done to the lesser men of the later school, among which the Wards and Hodges, by a single print, show to advantage. Indeed, it is worth a day's journey to see an impression so fine as the 'Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland' (43), with its milky lights and exquisite quality.

* * *

The smaller pleasures of the subject find recognition too. Early prints in such fine condition are uncommon; but the proof of 'Richard Sterne,' by Place (114), and the 'Duchess of Richmond,' by Robinson (99), a little known engraver of strong personality, are worth noticing. Faber Junior is represented by a rare print, the 'Guitar Player' after Frans Hals. One of the greatest prizes for the collector is the first state, probably unique, of the 'Sir Harbord Harbord' (56): very scarce, too, are Walker's 'Sir Hyde Parker' in the first lettered state (87) and the proof before letters of Miranda (Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor) by James Ward (78). Again, anyone who delights in the lanes of biography will relish the notes on the sitters which illumine the catalogue by detailing Lord Duncan's height, or elucidating the repute of Shadwell's wit. This stimulating exhibition, following the appearance of Mr. Russell's catalogue last year, should attract a good deal of notice.

A. Shirley

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 269

(Twelfth of the Nineteenth Quarter)

Two London Highways known to all mankind;
Great store of precious wares in them we find;
West of St. Paul's if carefully you seek,
You'll hit upon them well within a week.

1. Who Calah built, built it—we both can spare.
2. A lanky fish, in lakes by no means rare.
3. Twelve lines too long, this little minstrel gay.
4. A frugal fellow: clear that fog away!
5. Brother to one to whom Jehovah sware.
6. Weary—and full of wrath, I do declare!
7. Healthful it is, there's not the smallest doubt.
8. Some deem that this we now can do without.
9. Who seek me, they should upward turn their eyes.
10. What is not this—that's fair—is seldom wise.
11. Cook knows the thing: the word to her were new.
12. Needs must the marksman keep it in his view.

Solution of Acrostic No. 267

B	*ondag*	E[1]	[1] Dagon, the national god of the Philistines,
O	bservatio	N	upward man
W	*ai*	F[2]	
A		I[3]	And downward fish.
N	itr	E[3]	Milton.
D	are-devi	L	[2] The Ai or Three-toed Sloth (*Bradypus tridactylus*).
A	ddle	D	
R	*epeate*	R	[3] The other two being sulphur and charcoal, the ingredients of Gunpowder.
R	et	Icent	
O		Ften	[4] The Water-wagtail is the smallest bird that *walks*. Other small birds hop.
W	agtai	L[4]	
S	kat	E	

Acrostic No. 267.—The winner is Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate, who has selected as her prize 'Young Men in Love,' by Michael Arlen, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed in our columns on April 30. One other competitor chose this book, 24 named 'Sir Richard Muir,' etc., etc.

Also Correct.—East Sheen, Cyril E. Ford, Margaret, R. Ransom, Yendu, Coque, N. O. Sellam, George W. Miller.

One Light Wrong.—Armadale, Baldersby, Billy, Bolo, Bowkerris, C. H. Burton, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dhuali, Glamis, Jerboa, Lady Mottram, Martha, Oakapple, Peter, Twyford, C. J. Warden, W. R. Wolseley, Madge, Farsdon, Iago.

Two Lights Wrong.—E. Barrett, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Chailey, John Lennie, F. M. Petty, Quis, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Trike, Yewden, Rabbits. All others more.

Margaret.—Yes, you are one of the leaders.

A. de V. Blathwayt.—Your solution of No. 258 does not seem to have reached us. Can you send a copy?

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} and Stock Exchanges.

THE REGISTERED OFFICES OF THE COMPANY, Corbett Street, Smethwick, Birmingham.
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MOTORING

BRITISH MAGNETOS

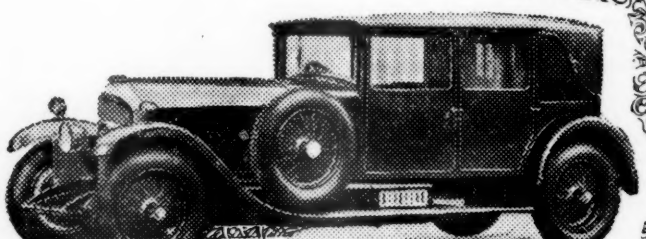
By H. Thornton Rutter

WITHOUT any undue advertising the British-made magneto has firmly established itself as a trustworthy machine, with the result that it is found on every British-made motor vehicle to-day, as well as being fitted as an essential component part of aero-engines and stationery power plants using the internal combustion engine as the moving force. While battery and coil ignition systems have found greater favour in the United States of America, Europe generally prefers the magneto system of ignition. Why British motorists prefer magneto ignition is easily understood; the majority of cars in Britain are cared for by their owners, and the less service a car needs after purchase the better. British owners avoid visiting the professional garage for adjustments and repairs, unless actual breakdowns take place, as such visits are apt to be expensive. On the other hand, it seems that American motorists rely entirely on garages, which they term "service stations," to attend to the ordinary running maintenance details of their machines. Consequently they do not mind relying on an ignition system that depends on the batteries, for these are looked after by the service stations spread all over the country British motorists have not yet developed the habit of service stations, although the electrical battery-making firms in Great Britain have established a chain of such depots throughout the country, hoping that each owner will register his car at the nearest one, in order that his battery may be looked after regularly by its makers, or their accredited representative. But few motor owners trouble to do this, although it may cost them nothing in the first instance. The result is that more than ninety-five per cent. of the cars running on the roads in England, Scotland, Wales and Ulster have magneto ignition because it is an independent self-contained electrical spark maker, or more precisely, supplies the requisite electrical energy for spark making. Further, no electrical knowledge on the part of the owner is necessary with magneto ignition, and that system is not affected by battery troubles, nor does it involve service station overhauls.

* * *

Like the British car, the magnetos made in England are all but everlasting, and perform their duty with very little attention. Their high quality makes it unnecessary to use substitute ignition systems of foreign origin. In fact, a vital British industry has been built up in the past decade, so that the welfare of thousands of skilled British workpeople would be affected if fashion or some other craze suggested abolishing this fool-proof system. At the moment, the trend of motor design is towards multi-cylinder engines of six, eight or more cylinders, on account of lightening the reciprocating parts in order to develop high accelerating power with low nominal horse-power rating. Therefore, in order to save cost in production, some manufacturers have contemplated using battery and coil ignition in place of one or more magnetos for the engine. If next year is to see more small cars of two litres and upwards provided with six and eight (or more) cylinder engines, I hope that magneto ignition will be used on the British productions, even if two or more magnetos are required to give a simple self-contained sparking system to the multi-cylinder motors.

The
Bentley Six



Yet another appreciative Bentley owner writes:—
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The Budget

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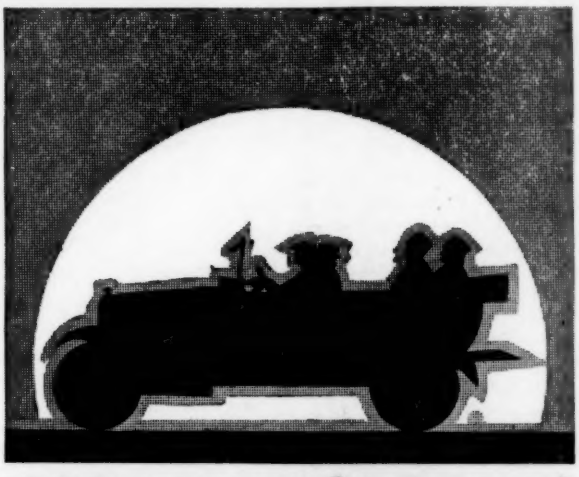
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE outstanding feature on the Stock Exchange of late has been the strength of the gilt-edged market and the demand for foreign loans of all classes. This is easy to understand. The reduction in the bank rate stimulated the demand which has continued steadily since, despite the glut of new issues. The position in the reconstruction loan market is particularly interesting. Investors have apparently appreciated the fact that the days when foreign loans can be purchased to yield over 7% are numbered, with the result that interest has been stimulated in those loans that have been inclined to hang fire in the past. The Bulgarian loan, for example, which remained at a discount for some months is now at a premium, attention has turned to the Rumanian issues, and a fair amount of business has transpired in the Rumanian 4% Consolidated Loan. Rumania is speedily putting her financial house in order. In due course we shall have the Rumanian Reconstruction Loan. When it makes its appearance it is very improbable that the existing issues will stand as at present on a 9% basis. There has been a certain amount of speculative interest in Turkish Unified, but this is in a class by itself, as at the present stage the bonds must be looked upon as purely speculative. Sooner or later Turkey will wish to borrow money in Europe. Prior to this some adequate settlement must be reached as regards this Unified loan. It appears probable that those who purchase at the present level and lock the stock away will eventually find they have made a profit, but it may be a very long wait and, therefore at present, it must be looked upon as a speculative effort.

DOLLAR LOANS

This demand for, comparatively speaking, high-yielding investments has led to a security of those European issues that have been made in New York. These are dollar issues, but to-day there is a large number of investors who do not mind receiving their dividends in dollars as well as in sterling. Among these dollar loans, particular attention has been turned to those French issues which were made as a direct obligation of the Republic of France. The dollar quotation for these is rising in view of the demand from this side. Two of these loans are the Republic of France 25 year External Gold Loan 8% Sinking Fund Bonds, due September 5, 1945, at 110; and the Republic of France 25 Year External Loan 7% Sinking Fund Bonds, due December 1, 1949; both of these appear attractive investments.

EAGLE STAR

The report and accounts of the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd., for the year 1926 show that the progress indicated in recent accounts has continued during the past twelve months. In the Life Department, new policies, assuring £1,391,425, were issued, of which £51,750 was reassured. The total net premium income in the Life Department amounted to £1,043,922, while that Fund's total interest earnings, after deduction of Income Tax, amounted to £708,823 as compared with £699,077 for the previous period. The balance-sheet shows total assets, excluding uncalled capital £1,905,529, of £20,875,117 as compared with £20,627,460 for the previous period, being an increase of £247,657 for the period under review.

THE SOUTH SUBURBAN GAS COMPANY EXCHANGE

In view of the very fine earnings of the South Suburban Gas Company, which has now paid 6½% on its ordinary stock for three years in succession, with that year of trouble, 1926, particularly good, certain investors may regret the coming exchange of their holdings for 6% preference stock of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Of course, the holder with conservative leanings will doubtless consider that in securing a *pro rata* interest in a fixed-interest-bearing security of so substantial a concern as South Metropolitan Gas he is relatively well off, and that the sacrifice of half per cent. is worth while to obtain assured income. There can be no question as to the excellence of the stock offered in exchange; as a matter of fact the prior charges of the leading gas companies are among the finest of investments and show very moderate yields on high capital values which may possibly prove a solatium to holders of Suburban Gas considering the question of exchange. Also there is the point to be considered that the course of money in this country, as time goes on and our national surplus swells, will most probably be in the direction of lower interest rates. If so, a gradual appreciation in capital value of the high-class fixed-interest-bearing securities will take place—a technical advantage that the ordinary share will be excluded from.

JOSEPH LUCAS, LIMITED

In view of the strong position occupied by Joseph Lucas, Limited, in the motor accessories trade, the shares around 4 should be worth attention. The company now controls the firms of C. A. Vandervell and Company, Limited, Lucas Electrical Company, Limited, Rotax (Motor Accessories), Limited, and Brolt Limited. Of a capital of £1,006,500, £759,000 is in ordinary £1 shares on which for the year to August 31 last 25% was paid, net profit coming out at £179,120 against £164,851 for 1924-1925. The full benefits from the absorption of Vandervell and Rotax were, however, not fully felt in the last account, so that better profits might reasonably be expected to be forthcoming at the end of the current financial year. The 1926 balance-sheet shows considerable expansion over that for 1925, total assets rising from £1,555,324 to £2,206,304 and trade investments amounting from £49,946 to £512,141. Cash was substantial at £195,098, and reserves showed a big increase at the appreciable figure of £564,625. The Company enjoys the shelter to a considerable extent of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill, and with the rapid growth of the motor trade should certainly do well. The financial position is strong and would suggest bonus possibilities, dependent, of course, on the outlook of the management. At 4, the shares which in 1926 were up to 86s. 6d., yield 6½%.

JAMES FINLAY & COMPANY

The main interests of James Finlay & Company are in India and Ceylon, and consist of activities in cotton and jute mills, and in connexion with a number of substantial tea and rubber companies; hence the shares are representative of well-diversified interests which should make for stable earning power. Though Finlay and Company only became a public company as recently as 1924, the business actually dates back to 1750 and may clearly claim to be an old and well-established concern—the shares were originally offered to the public at 30s., which suggests that a substantial future was confidently expected. Profits in 1923 amounted to £420,100, while for 1925 they showed at £513,100, the dividend for the last two years being 25% less tax. The major portion of the company's income is derived from investments, which in 1925 brought in £414,650 against trading profits of £145,730. The future, however, is the financial position, which is exceptionally strong, the reserve fund at £1,745,000 being well over 85% of capital issued. Cash was close to £474,000. Of £2,000,000 issued capital the ordinary shares in issue aggregate £1,500,000 and stand at 81s. 3d.

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Company Meetings

ODHAMS PRESS, Ltd.

STEADY ADVANCE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

The seventh annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Limited, was held on May 11 at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. W. J. B. Odhams (the chairman) said that but for the general strike and the coal stoppage the board would have had the satisfaction of showing a substantial increase on the figures of the previous year. Speaking generally, a steady advance in all departments had nullified the setback caused by the dead loss of the two weeks during which the works were closed down entirely. The capital of the company had been increased during the year, and the directors had every confidence that the additional capital would earn its proportion of profit. The important item copyrights, £453,666, in which was included *John Bull, The Sporting Life, The Ideal Home, Passing Show,* and other publications, large as it was, was a very modest one compared with the value of the properties it covered.

In all the main departments of the company's activities, the printing department, *John Bull*, Borough Billposting Company, etc., the directors were well satisfied with the results so far attained. In spite of the industrial trouble of the past year, involving the total stoppage of the paper for two weeks, the net sales of *John Bull* were considerably in excess of the million copies per week. Notwithstanding the fact that a considerable section of its activities, namely, the electric signs—was greatly hindered by the restrictions on the use of electricity during the prolonged dispute, the Borough Billposting Company increased both its volume of business and its contribution to the year's figures.

The rapid increase in the circulation of *The People* newspaper—the net sales of which were to-day 1,250,000—would indicate to the shareholders the valuable nest-egg the company was laying up for itself in this journal. *The People* provided the printing department with a very large contract, which would be increasingly remunerative as the new plant on order was put down and became available.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend of 10 per cent. was declared.

BRYANT AND MAY, Ltd.

The annual general meeting of Bryant and May, Ltd., was held on May 11 at the offices of the company, Bow, London, E. Mr. G. W. Paton, the chairman and managing director of the company presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the results shown were the best in the history of the company, and had been achieved during a period of grave difficulty. It would be a source of pride and gratification to the shareholders to know that the employees at all the company's works in Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds and in London had stood loyal to the company during the general strike, and that they had not stopped for one hour. Including the amount brought forward from the last account there was, after payyment of the half-yearly dividends on the Preference, Ordinary and Partnership shares, £380,415 to be disposed of. The directors recommended placing £106,202 to reserve and the allocation of £10,000 to both the Brymay pension fund and the employees' benefit fund, and the payment of the final dividends set out in the report, carrying forward £72,415. The dividends were at the same rate as last year, but were payable on an increased capital. The large sum of £100,000 had again been written off premises, plant and machinery account.

As to the Match Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget statement, had said, when proposing the revised duties on matches, "The British match industry has submitted to me a plan which combines an increase in the match duty, with an alteration of its basis, which, they assure me, will be more satisfactory to them in relation to foreign competition than is the existing scheme." As there appeared to be some misapprehension about those duties he, the chairman, would like to make it very clear to the shareholders and to the public generally that no preference was granted to the British manufacturer. Customs, or import, tax was the same as the excise on home manufacture; the variation of 2d. in the rate was an allowance to the home producer in order to cover certain definite costs imposed upon him because he was dealing with a dutiable article, which the foreign manufacturer had not to bear. This was the second occasion on which the British match industry had made a proposal to the Government, with the result that the Treasury had benefited to the extent of about £600,000 per annum. The Match Tax had realized more than £30,000,000 since its introduction in 1916—not an insignificant sum from the humble lucifer.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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Company Meeting

THE EAGLE, STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

A YEAR OF MARKED PROGRESS INCREASED PROFITS AND ASSETS

Presiding on Thursday at the annual general meeting of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd., Sir Edward Mountain, Bart. (Chairman), in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts for the past year, said that having regard to the difficult times through which the country had passed, their operations, enabling them as they did further to consolidate and improve the position of their important enterprise, must be regarded as very satisfactory. Their total Life and Annuity Funds continued to expand, and the Quinquennial Valuation of those funds made on strong bases at the end of last year showed a total surplus in the participating sections of £218,387, of which £211,335 was distributed and the balance carried forward. In the non-participating section of the Life Fund the surplus was £125,621, of which only £50,000 was distributed to the shareholders and the balance of £75,621 carried forward. In the current Life Fund there were nearly 40,000 policies in force for sums assured of over £15,000,000—the annual premium income being over £600,000. The outlook for their Life business he considered as highly satisfactory.

DEPARTMENTAL ACCOUNTS

In the Fire Department the premium income increased while the claims paid and outstanding were lower. After providing for a reserve of 40 per cent. on the premium income there was a profit for the year of £38,091 of which only £25,000 was transferred to the Profit and Loss, leaving £13,091 to go forward to 1927. Their American Fire business was improving, and operations were again returning to a profit-bearing basis. The Accident Department yielded good results and enabled them to transfer the sum of £10,438 to Profit and Loss Account. Employer's Liability business showed a small loss, but more satisfactory results were anticipated in the current year. The General Accident Account yielded the substantial profit of £22,908.

The Chairman dealt at some length with the position of the Marine Insurance Market and explained the factors which had contributed to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs both in regard to Hull Insurance and to Cargo Insurance.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

After transferring to Profit and Loss Account the various sums shown in the separate accounts and providing for all expenses of management, taxation, etc., there was a balance of £189,778, out of which dividends amounting to £106,006 had already been paid, leaving to be carried forward £83,772, subject to the final quarterly dividend for 1926. This showed an increase of nearly £8,000 over the amount carried forward a year ago, while a further sum of £51,224 from the Life and Fire Accounts will be available for 1927.

Their premium income amounted to £4,108,966, an increase of £234,979 over that of last year, their expense ratio was lower, while the total assets of the Company, amounting now to £20,875,117, showed an increase during the period under review of £247,657.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Directors and Staff.

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